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No. 400

THE CITY ON THE HILL.

BY EBBE E. REKFOR.

I know a quiet city,
A beautiful, strange city,
A white and peaceful city
Upon a sunny hill.
There daisies fair are blowing,
And soft winds coming, going,
Among the green grass, growing
Along the streets so still.
The streets are long and narrow,
And the brown thrush and the sparrow
Their little nests have builded
Deep in the flower-flecked grass.
You will hear the song of linnet,
And the robin's carol in it,
Whenever this strange city
Your footsteps chance to pass.
There are no sounds of sorrow,
No longings for to-morrow,
No pain to bear or borrow
Within its quiet streets;
But all is peaceful, over
The green grass and the clover,
And rest you may discover
Within its green retreats.
Oh, in that fair white city,
That beautiful white city,
No thought of pain or pity
Can touch the dweller's breast.
And there, all cares forgetting,
Beyond the world's regretting,
In that strange, hillside city,
How sweet shall be our rest.

Gold Dan:

OR,

The White Savages of the Great Salt Lake.

A TERRIBLE TALE OF THE DANITES OF MORMON LAND.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "VELVET HAND," "INJUN DICK,"
"OVERLAND KIT," "WOLF DEMON,"
"WITCHES OF NEW YORK,"
"BLACK DIAMOND," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHIEF OF THE DANITES.

"By that lake whose gloomy shore
Sky-jack never warbled o'er—

The Great Salt Lake in the heart of the continent; that strange body of water within whose confines fish swim not, whose borders are incrustated with salty crystals, glistening, diamond-like, in the sun; whose dense, saline waters reject the human who essays to plunge beneath the wave; and of this wondrous lake, so strange, so wild, we shall relate a story so terrible, so improbable, that even credulous man might refuse to believe that such things could be, were not the pages of history already stained with the red story of the impartial historian.

We write of the days of the spring of '69, when the great overland road was rapidly approaching completion, and already the grading parties of both the Central and the Union Pacific railways were in strong force in the neighborhood of the town of Corinne, on Bear river, just to the north of the Great Salt Lake.

It is a lovely night in the month of April, and the clear heavens above are spangled with a myriad of stars, and these peaceful watchers looked down upon as strange a scene as they ever had beheld since the world was young.

In a secluded nook on Antelope island, the largest of the little group which dot the waters of the lake, burned a camp-fire, and around the flames were gathered a motley collection of men, twelve or fifteen in number.

One might search all the border, from the waters of the Missouri to the golden sands of the placid Pacific, and yet not find a dozen as desperate fellows.

All were armed to the teeth, with one exception, and he, with his plain black suit and clerical aspect, was a strange contrast to the rest.

These armed ruffians, so fierce of face and so lawless in aspect, were Danites—the "Destroying Angels" of the Mormon host, and the black-coated man was a Mormon elder.

After generations, when they read the record of the Danites, will wonder that such things could be in a Christian land, and think perhaps that the story is overwrought, when in reality the half of the dark deeds done in the gloomy canyons and desolate wastes of Utah will never be revealed until the Judgment Day, when the murdered victims rise in accusing wrath.

Early in the existence of the Salt Lake settlement, the wily and unscrupulous leaders of this strange band of zealots saw that to crush opposition, awe the timid and overbear the bold, it was necessary to use the sword. A sentence in Genesis suggested the means: "Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth the horse's heels, so that his rider shall fall backward."

And so the Mormon elders instituted the Tribe of Dan, the Destroying Angels—a cohort of ruffians who faithfully carried out the orders given them.

One then to the man, or men, who attempted to offer resistance to the will of the Mormon leaders! One or many it mattered not, the merciless arm of the Danites struck them down. The deed was done, generally, in secret; then these apostles of a false creed lifted up their voices and prated of the "vengeance of the Lord."

And now by night, and in secret, we conduct the reader to a meeting of the Danites.

The "Angels" were scattered around the fire, reclining in various attitudes; the Mor-



"You foolish fellow! don't you know that it is as much as your life is worth to come here?"

mon elder, a stout, gross fellow, with coarse features, pig-like eyes, and a jowl like a bulldog, had just made his appearance beside the camp-fire.

It was evident that he had been expected, for one and all nodded in recognition.

This elder, Gideon Biddeman by name, was one high in favor with the Mormon "Prophet," and his chosen mouth-piece when orders were to be given to the Destroying Angels.

"Bless you, my children!" exclaimed the elder, extending his arms in a mock benediction; "all up to time, eh?" casting his eyes over the group. "That's good, for I've come to talk business to you to-night. You are all brothers of the tribe of Dan, the swords of the Lord—the Destroying Angels, who, with flaming steel, cut off the enemies of the Church of Zion. We are all bound by an oath—an oath sealed with blood, to carry out the will of the Lord, revealed to us through his anointed priests, the pillars of our Zion; and the penalty of breaking that oath—what is it?"

"Death!" answered a dozen voices, in chorus.

"Right, brothers, right! death to the traitor—death to him who refuses, either through fear or favor, to execute the orders given him, even though it were to give the fatal stroke to his own kin."

The ruffians looked at each other curiously. This lengthy prelude meant business; something out of the common was about to transpire.

"We meet to-night for important business, and in order that it may be accepted as it should be accepted, I recall your oath to your minds. Brothers, there is a traitor in our band—a man recreant to the oath he swore; his doom is death, and we have met to-night to inflict the penalty."

Silence succeeded the words of the elder. The Destroyers glared at each other in astonishment.

Then the Mormon leader again spoke:

"Let the man rise, avow his fault and plead for mercy!" he exclaimed.

No one moved.

"Then in face of all I will denounce him," the elder continued. "The traitor is John Clark, Duke of Corinne!"

A hoarse murmur of astonishment came from the lips of the ruffians, at this announcement.

And then, with a sudden bound, a man was on his feet—a tall, well-proportioned fellow, clad like a hunter in a full deer-skin suit, richly trimmed and ornamented—a man of forty or thereabouts, with a lion-like head, clear-cut features, darkly bronzed by the sun, and wearing ever a stern, saturnine look. His jet-black hair was rudely cropped short, Indian fashion, across the temples, and hung in long tangled masses down upon his shoulders.

John Clark was no common man; for years he had been the chief of the Danites and was reputed to hold his life as carelessly as though lives were to be had for the asking. A man not given to brawling, and yet, when in liquor, he was utterly desperate and quick to resent an affront. Duke of Corinne he was commonly called, and with good reason, for on more than one occasion he had "cleaned out" that lively town, which, at the time of which we write, was increasing in importance every day, being the headquarters of the grading parties engaged on the railroad.

"You are a liar, elder Gideon, and for two pins I'd put a bullet through your heart!" the Danite leader cried, one of his silver-mounted revolvers glistening in his hand, the hammer

raised and the muzzle leveled full at the breast of the Mormon.

The elder's face, ever a ghastly yellow-white, turned still more ghastly, and, as his trembling eyes glanced around the amazed circle of ruffians, he saw that not a man of them all was disposed to interfere.

"Take it back, elder! take it back, you lying hound! Though I wear your Mormon collar, I'm no Mormon dog!" the Danite cried. "The vengeance of the Lord and the sword of Gideon may do well enough for the poor devils whom we hunt down, but such trash is wasted upon me! I do your dirty work because I am a villain and an outlaw, and your Prophet pays well for it, but I don't fear you, backed by all Salt Lake. You can't put your heel on my neck and walk over me!"

"Hold on—don't be so cursed quick!" exclaimed the Mormon elder, just a little tremulously, and evidently alarmed for his personal safety.

"Don't you use your tongue so freely, then," Clark replied, grimly. "We ain't in Salt Lake now, where you scold like women at night and make it up in the morning, but here in the wilderness where every man is free and equal. You may be a great gun down yonder, and the outlaw nodded his head, contemptuously, to where Salt Lake City, the Zion of these 'Latter-Day Saints,' nestled beneath the shelter of the white-crested Wah-satch mountains; "but up here you ain't any better than anybody else!"

"I only do my duty," the elder said sulkily; "you have betrayed the trust reposed in you, and the church wants to know why you have done so! Just carry your mind back to the Mountain Meadows massacre."

CHAPTER II.

THE ACCUSATION.

A FROWN came over the face of the Danite leader as he listened to the words of the Mormon elder—a frown in which all the older members of the band joined as their minds reverted to the past.

The Mountain Meadows massacre!

The pages of history do not record a wicked-er or a more merciless slaughter.

The helpless emigrants, first lured into a trap and afterward ruthlessly shot down by the Mormon fighting-men disguised as Indians, and then their property distributed among these saintly men of Zion!

"And what of the Mountain Meadows massacre?" cried the Danite, sternly and hoarsely.

"Is that deed of blood never to be forgotten? You and I, elder, will roast in hell some day for our share in that thing if there is to be any judgment hereafter!"

A sneer passed over the coarse face of the Mormon. A coward at heart and yet no slave to superstition, living man alone he dreaded; the terrors of the reckoning in the world to come afflicted not his soul.

"The flaming sword of the Lord struck then, and Zion rejoiced to know that her enemies were smitten, hip and thigh!" retorted the elder, with the snuffe dear to the heart of the canting hypocrite. "It ill becoms you, a good son of the church, Zion's right-hand man, to speak in such terms of the righteous deed."

"Elder, when Satan receives us below after judgment is passed, he'll cry out, 'I can't have those Mormon butchers in here; they'll corrupt my kingdom. Give them a snug corner and a few bushels of brimstone and let them

set up a hell of their own,'" the Danite replied, in biting sarcasm.

"Enough of this!" commanded Biddeman, stung by the hoarse chuckle which escaped from the lips of the outlaws at this doubtful compliment. "I did not come here to bandy words with you, but to accuse you of an offense which you have committed, and to listen to your answer."

"Go ahead; but what has the Mountain Meadows massacre to do with it?"

"You know that orders were given that all those vile wretches who composed that band of emigrants, who had poisoned our springs, cursed our church and our good and holy men, were to perish by the sword which they had invoked!"

"Oh, yes, I remember well enough; you wanted to plunder the emigrants, for they were well fixed with a big train, and so you called down the 'vengeance of the Lord' upon them."

Again the elder winced, for this truth was not at all palatable.

"The word went forth that all must die—that none must escape to tell the tale, for the Gentiles would have been only too glad to have made our holy vengeance an excuse for persecuting us," Biddeman continued, never taking the least notice of the unpleasant words of the heartless Danite leader.

"Well, what has all this got to do with me?"

"John Clark, you spared one of the emigrant train; you enabled the party to escape the slaughter, and that person, able to bear witness to the whole affair—to denounce those who took part in it—is now in the neighborhood of Corinne."

A deathlike silence had fallen upon the little group as they listened to the words of the elder. Times had changed greatly since the day of that terrible tragedy. No more did the Mormon leaders lord it over Utah, and defy the power of the United States government. The strong arm which had beaten down the great rebellion was not to be wantonly affronted, although these chiefs of Zion boasted the power of heaven at their backs.

Lee, the principal leader at the massacre, had died for his life, and under another name was hiding among the almost inaccessible mountains in southern Utah, it was said.

The Mormon leaders had done their best to destroy all traces of their connection with the slaughter, for, with the near approach of the railroad, and from the number of Gentiles—as the Mormons name all non-believers in their faith—who had poured into Utah, the day for open resistance had gone by.

Great was the wonder, then, of the Danites as they listened to the accusation.

"It is false!" cried John Clark, promptly; "and whoever says it, lies! Do you think that I am a fool to run my own neck into a halter? Who makes the charge, elder? I demand to be confronted with my accuser!"

"There is no actual accuser, Clark," Biddeman replied. "The report comes from secret information."

"Some spy with a grudge against me; but I'll make it hot for him if I find out who it is!" And those who knew John Clark well, knew that the Duke of Corinne rarely indulged in idle boasts.

"You deny the fact?"

"Yes, a thousand times!" the Danite cried fiercely. "It is a lie!"

"Clark, you are too wise a man to trifle with us, I should hope," the Mormon elder observed, slowly, "and therefore I am willing

to take your word in this matter, particularly as we need your aid just now in a certain matter."

"Go ahead; I'm your man as long as you pay."

"There's a chap in Corinne who has made a good deal of trouble for some of our best men. He curses the Saints up hill and down when ever he gets a chance; says that our Prophet is a fraud, makes love to our Mormon girls, and acts generally in a manner which is extremely unpleasant to us. We want his mouth stopped."

"His name?" the Danite asked.

"Gold Dan!"

"Why, he's dead!" cried one of the band, abruptly, a stout, red-headed, red-whiskered fellow.

"Dead! Well, that settles the wildest Gentile devil in Utah; but it must be proved."

"Oh, no mistake! killed in an Indian fight on the Montana trail. I heard one of the pilgrims who escaped tell the story. Gold Dan was the first man down, shot plum through the forehead with a rifle-ball."

"Our information is incorrect, then, for we were told that he had returned to Corinne."

"His ghost may be waltzing round, but the chap himself passed in his checks a month ago."

"Well, that settles it, then; and now another bit of business," the Mormon continued. "Somebody is prospecting for gold or silver in the rough lands north-east of Corinne; it must be put a stop to; we don't want any more miners in Utah; there's enough here already. Keep a watch, and drive the party off."

"All right; I'll attend to it," Clark promised.

"That is all, then, at present. Good-by, boys; keep your eyes about you, and don't allow these Gentiles to crow too loudly in Corinne. This railroad ain't going to burst up our church; the Prophet says it must be a cursed poor religion that can't stand one railroad."

The ruffians chuckled, and the elder strode away toward his boat, which was pulled up on the shores of a little cove in the north-east part of the island. He was followed by the Danite chief.

The Mormon shoved his boat into the water, and then, with his foot upon the prow to retain it in position, turned to address the outlaw.

"By the way, John, I've got a little bit of private business which I wish you to fix for me."

"All right; what is it?"

"I've had a revelation," and the canting scoundrel rolled his eyes upward, piously, "and that revelation commands me to take to wife that little Polly Pickles, who lives on Bear river just below the town of Corinne—the female doctor, you know?"

A peculiar look passed over the dark face of the outlaw, but as his features were in the shadow the Mormon elder did not observe it.

"Why, elder, you've got five wives already!"

"It is not good for man to be alone, John; besides this little thing is young and innocent; pert and pretty—just suits me, in fact."

"She's only a child, elder—a mere girl."

"Sixteen, John; quite old enough. You must manage the affair for me; I don't think that the little thing will take kindly to the idea; a little gentle force may have to be used. Think the matter over; there's no hurry, you know."

"Yes, I'll attend to it; but one last word, elder," he said, as the Mormon got into the skiff and took up the oars. "Who gave the information about me?"

"Oh, I can't tell you that, John; but look out for yourself, that's all. Don't be too rash, for we've got long arms, and it ain't safe even for the Duke of Corinne to brave us!"

And then the boat shot out into the moonlit lake, while the outlaw, with folded arms, watched the villainous elder—a peculiar smile upon his dark face.

CHAPTER III.

THE FUGITIVES.

"THE elder is well served," the Danite muttered, "but how in the fiend's name did it get out?"

For quite a while the outlaw pondered upon the question he had asked, watching the while the rapidly-receding skiff.

"I give it up!" he exclaimed at last. "It's too much for me, but I must cover up the trail at once. Curse the meddling spy, whoever he is! If I run across him, there'll be one rogue the less in the world!"

And with this observation the leader turned moodily away and rejoined the men grouped around the camp-fire.

"Nothing more to-night, boys," he said, as he joined the circle, "so you can turn in as soon as you like. I want six or eight of you to-morrow night in Corinne. Just stroll carelessly around the town and keep your eyes on me."

"Is it Gold Dan yer after?" asked one of the gang, whose "sweet" brogue plainly betrayed that the south of Ireland claimed him for a son.

"Perhaps," the Danite leader replied.

"I tell yer he's dead, Cap!" the red-headed outlaw exclaimed. "The pilgrim told a good square story; the first man down was Dan, with a bullet plum through the forehead."

"In that case, then, he won't trouble us much," the Danite grimly concluded. "Well,

so-long, boys; I'm off. To-morrow night in Corinne, remember. Don't excite remark by sticking together, but just scatter about the town and at the first sign of trouble be on hand."

A chorus of "all rights" answered the leader's speech; and then the Danite departed. A light skiff upon the shore gave him passage to the main, and then, drawing the boat from the water, he carefully concealed it in the underbrush, although there was very little danger of any one troubling it, for it was rare that human footsteps pressed the sandy margin of the saline lake.

The boat concealed, the Danite struck off to the north-east, following a little trail which wound over the rough surface of the broken country.

The trail was so dimly defined that it would have puzzled the eyes of an Indian tracker to have followed it, and yet the dark-faced outlaw pushed on, never hesitating in the least; thus plainly indicating that the way was familiar to him.

A good half-hour's walk from the shores of the lake, and the Danite crossed the main road southward leading to Ogden; thence to Salt Lake, and then, a short half-mile east of the main trail, up amid the spurs of the Wahatch mountains, in a lonely glen, from whence a fine view of the surrounding country for miles around could be had. The outlaw halted in front of a small log hut, stoutly framed, with loopholes for musketry in the walls, and placed directly against the almost perpendicular side of the mountain.

This was the home of the desperate Danite leader, the outlaw's retreat.

Alone, a single man might hold it against a hundred while his ammunition held out and he was well provisioned. Thirst he need not fear, for a living spring gushed forth from the foot of the rock just inside the cabin, and then, flowing under the wall, found its way down the hillside to the Weber river.

And so cunningly had this desperate man, who expected to meet a foe in every living creature, pitched his camp, that even if the door of the cabin was carried by direct assault—the only possible way to gain an entrance to the fortress, for the wooden roof was covered with clay, carefully packed on the logs so as to be completely fireproof—successful resistance could still be offered, for within the hut an arched tunnel had been skillfully run into the side of the mountain, the entrance guarded by stout logs, with just room enough in the center for a single man to pass.

It was plain that the foe who attempted to take the Destroyer in his den might far better hope to conquer the African lion free in his native woods.

The outlaw unlocked the heavy padlock, which, in connection with a massive chain, fastened the door, and entered the cabin. All was dark, except that from the cavern in the side of the mountain a ray of light streamed forth, stealing through the log piling and the tattered blanket which marked the narrow doorway.

Passing through the aperture, Clark found himself within the cavern's center.

Five or six feet wide only at the doorway, the cavity widened out into a room ten or twelve feet square, and then again contracted into a narrow, tunnel-like passage winding into the bosom of the mountain.

This passage was plunged in utter darkness, turning as it did abruptly to the right, so that its length could not be ascertained without an examination.

A single candle stuck in a hollow of the wall dimly illuminated this strange apartment.

Two occupants had this secure retreat when the outlaw entered it.

Crouched upon a rock, just under the candle, was a man smoking—a stoutly-built fellow dressed in shabby garments, and with a face as dark as an Indian's; his hair, too, was arranged savage fashion, clipped short across the front as though severed by the sharp edge of a bow-knife, and flowing down long upon his shoulders behind. No Indian, though, was the man, for a short, black beard covered the chin.

The other occupant of the room was a boy some fifteen or sixteen years of age—a fragile, delicate-looking lad, dressed poorly like the other, very dark in face and with his jet-black hair cut tight to his head. He was sound asleep on a buffalo-robe spread upon the floor.

Not long for this world was the lad, to judge from the face and the fragile form.

"Asleep!" asked the Danite, glancing at the boy as he entered the room.

"Yes."

"So much the better; for I've something important to say to you."

The man removed the cigar from his mouth and looked anxiously at the Danite.

"You must get out; your presence here has either been discovered or else it is shrewdly suspected. One of the Mormon elders accused me to-night of sheltering a survivor of the Mountain Meadows massacre."

"The Mountain Meadows massacre!" the man exclaimed.

"Yes; no need for you to say a word about it," the outlaw continued, quickly. "I ask you no questions, and you need not volunteer any information. Suffice it that you have a claim upon me which I respect; my home, my money, my influence are yours as long as you demand them, but for the present, since it is known that you are here, it is better that you should get out. I am pretty sure that no one has recognized you, so that in Corinne no one will be able to pick you out as the man who enjoyed John Clark's hospitality. Strangers are pouring into the town every day. You had better open a little store, cigars or notions, or something of that kind; no one will be apt to suspect you. If you need money, mine is at your service. At any rate you must not remain here. I am liable to be visited by the Mormon elder at any time, and you know what the Mormons are," and as the Danite finished he nodded toward the boy.

"You have discovered, then?" the man said, slowly.

"I'm not blind."

"Well, I'll go, although I would prefer to hide away from all the world. I fear that, in spite of my precautions the man I dread will find me out."

"Who and what is he?"

"A man who lives by his wits—Richard Velvet he calls himself, though they say he has another name, but he is generally known as Velvet Hand."

"An odd name."

"Yes, he is no common man. I believe that if I went to the end of the earth he would find me."

"If he comes to Corinne point him out to me and I'll soon settle him for you," the Danite observed, carelessly. "I run that town, and there's no ten or twenty men in it that dare to even crook their finger when John Clark takes the war-path."

"Good! then in Corinne I'll hide, and if this man comes," the stranger cried, eagerly.

"He won't trouble you but once," the outlaw remarked.

CHAPTER IV.

AN UNEXPECTED GREETING.

QUITE a lively place was the "city" of Corinne now that the grading parties of the transcontinental railway had reached the neighborhood. And where the sons of toil congregated, thither, too, came the birds of prey—the liquor-dealers, the gamblers, the dance-house belles, rogues and rascals of every grade, every age and sex.

Like a rush-hour the city of Corinne had sprung into existence almost in a night.

No miracle Aladdin's palace to the followers of the iron way across the continent; a "city" of tents and shanties sprung into life and being every time the railroad army halted to take breath.

First, the barren, treeless prairie covered with sage-brush and flecked with alkali; then the prospecting gang of graders, and, then, presto! a city of a thousand souls almost in a breath.

Debatable ground was Corinne; first a little Mormon settlement, a scattered house here and there along the banks of the river; but with the sudden rise to the dignity of a "city" of hotels, saloons, dance-houses, and gaming dens, interspersed with a few stores now and then, the vast rush of the outside barbarians—the "Gentiles"—stifled the Mormon influence so that it amounted to very little, although the "Saints" strove hard to retain control over the motley denizens of the mushroom town.

At the time of which we write, although numbering over a thousand souls, Corinne was utterly without any local government, although with that peculiar instinct, so natural to the Anglo-Saxon breast, the inhabitants had talked about organizing a regular government and electing the proper officers to run the thing; but as this had not yet been done, each inhabitant was a law unto himself.

One could never have told though from the appearance of the town that the lively city was "running" itself, for there were few brawls, considering the number of rough and violent men congregated within the limits of the town, their passions unrestrained by the stern control of law's powerful hand.

But then, every man, nearly, carried arms, was ready to use them, too, and everybody knew it; a quarrel meant "business," and few of the roughs even were anxious for sudden death.

Still the desperadoes would fight among themselves, would kill each other; there was "a man for breakfast" every now and then; but it was rare that a peaceable citizen, minding his own business, was interfered with, and so, upon the whole, for so brisk a place, Corinne had reason to boast of the good order which generally prevailed within its limits.

Built after the usual fashion of railway towns, nearly all of the buildings being strung along a single street, through the center of which the railway ran, it would not have taken a stranger long to "do" the town.

As we have said, every other house was either a hotel, a saloon, a dance-house or a gaming den, and sometimes all four collected together in one building, as was notably the case with a palatial establishment—palatial for the frontier—which displayed as its sign a turreted stone building with flags flying, and over it the inscription:

THE CASTLE OF DURANGO.

Here, under one roof was a hotel, a saloon, a dance-house and a gambling hell.

The Castle of Durango was, by a long chalk—to use the common expression—far ahead of anything else in the city of Corinne.

It was the best hotel in the town, kept the best liquors in its saloon, boasted the prettiest girls in its dance-house, and ran the squarrest and largest game in its apartment sacred to the goddess Fortune.

Michael Castana, a tall, broad-shouldered Mexican, of middle age, kept the place, assisted by a woman whom he called his sister, and whose fame extended far and wide.

Katherine Castana—Kate of Durango, as she was generally termed—was no common girl.

Tall and queenly in stature, superbly formed, with a figure that would have excited the admiration of the old-time sculptor who carved the Roman Venus; a face, pure Spanish in its type, and as fair as had ever sat upon the shoulders of a Castilian maid; eyes black as night and as lustrous as the sun-kissed waters of the arrowy Guadalquivir, Hispania's fairest river; lips red as the cactus flower of the Mexican desert and framed after the arch of Cupid's bow; hair soft as finest silk, and shining in its jetty blackness like the wild cherry's coat, gathered in a simple knot at the back of the head and held in place by a gold-handled dagger, the blade Toledo steel, that boasted the ice-brook's temper, she was indeed a wonderful maid!

And this superb creature, as fair as ever painter dreamed of, as perfect as ever sculptor wished for, was simply and purely a female gambler.

Queen of Monte she was called, and over the carded table she presided in the gambling den situated in the right wing of "The Castle of Durango."

Great attraction was she, too, for many a dollar was risked in the saloon simply because the owner desired to feast his eyes upon the beautiful face of the Monte Queen.

Fair as Diana, the fabled goddess, was she; and as chaste, too, for no living man could boast of favors received from Durango Kate. A charming smile and a pleasant word for all—but no more, and so strong the influence of her proud way that the worst ruffian in the town hesitated to provoke her wrath.

'Twas said, too, that the dagger in her hair was no child's toy, but was a poisoned weapon, the merest scratch of which would bring certain death, and that she, if affronted, would not hesitate to use it.

And now, having described this strange flower, who seems to bloom with grace and purity in this hotbed of vice, we will look in upon her at the hour of nine at night as she holds her court in the gambling saloon.

The place is full of people; 'tis the common resort of the men of the town after nightfall to hear the news and talk over past events. No one is pressed to either play or drink; the place is as free to the looker-on as to the man who desires to spend money.

Katherine, reclining in a richly-cushioned arm-chair, just back of the monte-table, over which an assistant was now presiding, was smoking a dainty cigarette, the one peculiar weakness of the Spanish-Mexican dame, and chatting with the frequenters of the saloon as they sauntered by.

There was very little playing going on at present; gambling in earnest rarely commenced until after ten. The occupants of the room were conversing together and watching the new-comers, and as nearly every eye was fixed upon the door, the entrance of a man, peculiar both in face and dress, at once excited general attention.

He was just a little above the medium height,

splendidly built, dressed in a full suit of buckskin, wearing upon his feet the pointed moccasins of the Pawnee tribe, and upon his head the racoon-cap of the hunter, the snout of the animal projecting down over the forehead, the bushy, barred tail dangling against the neck, behind; keen brown-black eyes, a bronzed, manly face, the chin boasting a full brown beard, the hair, dark brown in color, pushed back behind the ears and reaching clear to the shoulders, and we have the pen picture of the new-comer.

Men in deer-skin were common enough in the town of Corinne, and yet the entrance of this man excited general amazement.

Plenty of men in deer-skin, but no trapper, mule-driver or Indian guide who carried upon his person a small fortune in the shape of buttons made out of gold-pieces.

Hundreds of dollars' worth of the precious metal at least he carried upon his person in this peculiar way; and few in the city of Corinne who would not have recognized Gold Dan, the wildest dare-devil on the frontier, at a single glance.

"Gold Dan, by hokey!" an old gaunt fellow cried, and the crowd took up the exclamation, much to the astonishment of the individual in question, who halted at the door, evidently completely astonished by the reception.

And the good folks of Corinne were astonished, too. Upon good authority Gold Dan had been reported slain in an Indian attack, a month before, on the Montana trail, yet here he was, looking about the same, except that he had let his hair and beard grow.

"Why, I heard you were dead, ole man!" one of the crowd exclaimed.

"Oh, no; I'm alive," was the careless reply, but it was plain from the way he looked around him that he felt ill at ease.

"Dan, I want to speak to you!" exclaimed Kate, abruptly, and speaking as if he were an old acquaintance.

"Certainly," the man responded, and at once made his way to where the haughty beauty reclined in her chair.

"You foolish fellow! don't you know that it is as much as your life is worth to come here?"

"No; why? What have I to fear?" Gold Dan asked, apparently mystified, and yet endeavoring to look unconcerned.

"After running away with that Mormon's wife—fly at once—ah! it is too late!"

John Clark, with six or seven other Mormons, at that instant sauntered into the room.

(To be continued.)

A MAIDEN'S STORY.

Returning, book in hand from school, In summer time, one evening cool, I slowly sauntered on my way, When Love accosted me:

"Oh, say, Fair maiden, what the special lore You study everything before?"

"I answered him most modestly, 'Sir, I am studying poetry. Three times I've tried, nor can combine Words in a single decade line; Yet, by my labor you may guess I want to be a poetess.'"

"My little friend," he straight replied, "Your master has but mystified His pupil. Sure you waste your time Learning from such as him to rhyme. Obey but me, and ere you know it, You shall become a lady-poet."

"You promise, if I grant you this, As my reward, one little kiss From those red lips—just to make friends."

"Sir," said I, "if it serve your ends To work so cheaply, from my lip Any amount of kisses slip."

He did. He took me in his arm And gave me many kisses warm. This was Love's very simple fee; And now—I write love-poesy.

The Bitter Secret;

OR,

THE HEART OF GOLD.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AT LAST!

MEANWHILE uncle and nephew had surmounted all mystifications, and were holding each other tightly by the hand, and pouring forth their pent-up hearts as men so seldom do to each other, preferring the soft sympathy of emotion to manly frankness, which does not criticize or smile at a man's loving weakness.

But these two had always loved each other dearly, noble heart responding to noble heart; and this rare and perfect love it was which had so embittered them one against the other, when each suspected treachery in the other—"What! have I been deceived in him all along, and is his love of me of a baser quality than mine? Ah! how he must have been laughing at my foolish tenderness, the devil incarnate!" For outraged love makes fiercest hate, and the torn heart strives to see the traitor henceforth in his blackest colors, as some bitter indemnity for the precious treasure wasted heretofore upon him.

"Uncle, look at me, your own miserable boy!" cried Geoffrey, tearing at his false outdo in the frantic endeavor to show his uncle the dear reality beneath. "I'm Geoffrey, your own poor, broken-hearted boy, come back to you, dear, I hope—I hope in time to save you from these fiends!" And he stopped in the middle of the work of destruction, stopped perforce, for the man who had driven him forth in his vain and empty pride of race, to take to his bosom in his head a brood of loathsome reptiles who had well-nigh stung him to death, had dropped his warlike attitude, and, with a strange cry, had fallen forward on his breast, arms clinging round his neck, face pressed down close, close upon his heart, sobbing and shaking like a loving girl; the haughty Derwent all unmanned, cowering for shelter, weeping for love and remorse, in the faithful arms of his disinherited nephew.

And the men were smitten dumb by great emotion. Each forgot the outer hardness due to his manhood, and let the other run deep into his long-yearning and bereaved heart. The old man had been brought so low that this womanish fit—no fool could presume to hint that it disgraced him; while the young man was so strong and fearless in his will to rescue him, and so pitiful of his sufferings, that these falling tears, and manly lips pressed to the thin cheek of the sick man, and panting grief and fury only proved him nobler, braver, kinder and kinder, than any man had ever been before him, except, perhaps, the knights like Sir Galahad of the Holy Grail, or King Arthur himself, blameless and brave.

But, after a long while, Derwent drew back from his nephew, and sinking upon his pillows, fixed his eyes upon him with a mournful smile.

"My poor injured boy," he said, so weak his voice that Geoffrey was terrified, and looked wildly about for some restorative, "I need not

ask your noble heart if it can forgive my cruelty and folly, for you have come to me in my desperate extremity, and love that had never been outraged could do no more. And, brave Geoffrey, if it can soften the hard harshness of the past, let me solemnly assure you that, black-hearted, false and evil-liver as I believed you to be, I never succeeded in driving you quite out of my love; I pined for you, Geoffrey, Geoffrey! There were hours of isolation and loneliness when my whole soul cried out for you, whatever you had done—when I was lashed with remorseful forebodings that I had thrust you further along the road to destruction than your own evils had done—when life seemed heavy and aimless, hideous to look back upon, maddening to look forward to—and I could have welcomed death. And these demons worked upon all that was bad or weak in me—oh, fool! fool! to stifle the warnings of my instinct and accept filth for the precious metal I had cast away!"

"Oh, now, hang it all! what's the use of raking things up?" exclaimed Geoffrey, getting in his ear at last, and desperately hasting his uncle out of these waters of humiliation and self-reproach; "I never was the miff to harbor malice, and I dare say was provoking enough about the little jade, Nell Wyvern, who surely was never worth the trouble she put between you and me, dear old man. And that reminds me to say that I never cared for her, really, you know, though I thought it would be a rascal's act to desert her at your bid, and not worthy a Derwent of the old stock, for all she was a poor girl."

Geoffrey passed in the full flow of his confessions, suddenly becoming aware, by the dark blood which tinged his uncle's pallid cheek that he was upon awkward ground, and for a moment looked foolish enough, pulling his mustache and glowering at Derwent deprecatingly.

He had quite forgotten Derwent's early marriage with the American village girl, and subsequent desertion of her. As yet, he knew none of the particulars of the matter, not having seen Monica since she had read Jonathan Brade's confession; he only knew that his uncle had deserted Monica's mother, although she was his lawful wife, and that Monica's mission to England had been to avenge her mother's wrongs.

Derwent waved his pale hand after a dead silence, to bespeak Geoffrey's attention.

"I see, by your significant interruption of your story, and your embarrassment, that you have become acquainted with my marriage. Did Monica tell you?" He faltered a little as he pronounced her name, and averted his face uneasily; he, too, was in the dark concerning his long-lost wife, and knew not that she was innocent and dead, and that Monica was all that was left him of—his daughter.

"Yes, uncle; Monica told me," said Geoffrey, recovering himself in the welcome prospect of championing the lovely American, and instantly brimming over with eager intelligence; "and if you only knew all that sweet lady has braved, and suffered, in her efforts to save you, you would take her straight into your heart and worship her forever!"

"As my dear Geoffrey has done!" said Derwent, looking at him wistfully; "yes, she is very attractive, and strangely courageous in her attempts to make acquaintance with me; and I do think she interfered in my defense that dreadful day in the wood, when Rufus sent the mad dog at me; but why is she so interested? Who is she? My boy, I knew one Rivers before, she was unworthy!"

"No! not that! she is impossible!" Geoffrey broke in, feeling it unendurable to hear Monica's mother so described; but his uncle, supposing him merely to be echoing the statements of a mercenary relative of his perfidious wife, only shook his head sadly, and continued:

"She was unworthy, Geoffrey; she wrecked my life when it was at its very prime; and she seemed as softly innocent and radiantly good as this young girl, who is, of course, some relative of hers, sent here by—her—to make money out of the secret marriage, which she probably supposes I have kept secret from far different motives than the real ones."

"Uncle! I can't hear you speak of that angel so!" almost shouted Geoffrey, springing to his feet, and towering up in the middle of the floor with clenched fists and panting nostrils, so hot was he in his idol's defense; then, catching his uncle's wan look of distress and perplexity, and recalling how much fuller and more perfect would the reunion be between father and daughter if he refrained from any disclosures now, and brought his angelic Monica to tell the tale herself, he crushed down his excitement, lifted his uncle's wasted hand to his lips with a beautiful humble and loving grace, and said gently:

"Dear old man, forgive my violence. I have only this excuse, that, when you know all that I know about that sweet American queen, you will love me better still for standing up for her trust. Many things have happened, uncle, that you don't know—when you do, you will never rest until—but, never mind; I drop the subject for the present; and indeed I have most culpably neglected your comfort of mind and body, in my ill-regulated zeal. Dear Nunc, don't look at me with that heart-sick expression, as if you saw me in the horrid clutches of a Yankee sorcerer. Suspend all judgment until you have heard this lady's story. Will you not promise to do this?"

"Ah, my generous, unsuspicious boy, what power have you to withstand the lures and wiles of a scheming woman?" sighed Derwent, almost revoking all the kindly half-belief he had begun to cherish secretly in the young girl who had hung over him with her very soul standing in her eyes, and anguish clearly written on her front, when he lay, struck down by his heirs; for Derwent was a man born of, and nurtured by a race made proud by centuries of distinction and honors conferred by the mighty of the land, in just award for its unblemished name and gallant services rendered to the king and country.

CHAPTER XXVII.

TWISTING THE TOILS.

THE blood of the Derwent was old before the Norman Conquest, and from its remotest annals not a generation had passed without producing at least one scion of the house whose deeds could be fitly strung upon the glittering rosary of valor and worth which wound its dazzling way through scores of mammoth tomes, written in rude Latin by the friars of the house, centuries ago; and later, in Chaucer's English; later still, in Johnson's sounding diction; and now, in the smooth, flowing phraseology of the present day, written by the scholarly young Etonian who filled the post of secretary to the master of Dornoch-Waile. In this, the latest volume of the History of the House of Derwent, two of the broad leaves were sealed together, and jealously stamped with the seal of the house, with its menacing motto:

"DARE NOT DERWENT."

These pages were written by the hand of Otto,

the only surviving Derwent of the line, and no eye had as yet ever scanned them save his own.

They recounted the tragedy of his unwisdom and unworthy marriage.

The rest of his career, as chronicled in the open pages, was proud and brilliant as befitting the descendant of such ancestors. He had fought with signal gallantry and victory for his country; he had served his nobly with his intellect in his chair among the statesmen; he was a power in the land.

He had never stooped from his lofty pedestal of honor and a pure life, and had done noble good with his wealth; after all, had he not more rational cause for self-esteem than have the common herd, who, uninfluenced by the lives of more heroic natures as exemplified in their ancestors, live as they may, according to their own dull capacities?

Granting this aspect of affairs as reasonable excuse for Derwent's conservatism, what more natural, nay, inevitable, than his shrinking reluctance to condemn himself in the eyes of his contemporaries by publication of his early *mesalliances*, after all that was sweet, belonging to it had vanished, leaving only the blinding disgrace; or what more consistent than his shocked repulsion of the idea of his beloved Geoffrey's entanglement with a nobody like pretty Nell Wyvern; or an American siren, soiled by the blood of the traitor Rivers—like Monica, the mercenary agent of his wife Ada, whom he had always pictured for these nineteen years of sullen, dumb fury, in the home of his ignoble rival, Jonathan Brade, growing further and further out of his toleration in the conscious guilt of her situation?

So he maligned the strange, sweet American maiden whom Geoffrey revered above all women by the names of "siren" and "schemer," and almost forgot her devotion to himself in the bitter pain it gave him to see how Geoffrey shrank and flushed from the scornful epithets.

But Geoffrey was wise; he resolutely changed the theme of discourse, leaving that mighty question in abeyance.

He quietly and quickly explained the present state of matters; Vulpio had been bought over to undo the mischief he had done; the Marshalls were hurrying away from the Weald in anticipation of his speedy death; Godiva was being held, Geoffrey explained, most likely as a sort of hostage for their return; and then he told of Monica's sufferings.

"Great heavens!" gasped Derwent, who had hung on Geoffrey's words with breathless attention from the moment when Monica's name was introduced; "and she went through all that for me! For me, Geoffrey—I who have never spared her one kindly word! Oh, who is she?" he almost shouted.

Geoffrey told of her lying helpless in Toby's hut, consumed with anxiety on his uncle's account.

"When—can—she—come?" gasped Derwent, clasping and unclasping his feeble hands in feverish impatience.

"Here! To see you!" said Geoffrey, secretly delighted; "oh, I hope to-morrow or next day. She's dreadfully shaken, you know, and really ought to be shut up in a quiet place for a week or two, but she is so anxious about you that I suppose we shall have to let her come whenever she is able."

"Geoffrey, oh, boy, is she genuine?" besought Derwent, tears rolling down his haggard cheeks; "why does she endure all this for me?"

"I believe in her, uncle," said Geoffrey, solemnly; "and she will tell you the truth herself."

Presently Mr. Derwent was saying hopelessly that deliverance had come too late, that he felt the hand of death upon him, and that he would never live to unravel this mystery.

And, indeed, it is a wonder that I have not felt the effects of the mad dog's bite before this," he said, with a shudder which convulsed his whole being, for his horror of this hideous peril which menaced him was morbid, and almost enough in itself to kill an ordinary man.

Then Geoffrey told him what Monica believed, that the dog had not been mad, and that Rufus had only attempted to play upon his imagination.

Derwent was struck with instant conviction of the truth, and inspired with new life, sprang up in his sick bed almost well again.

"She is right. I feel it!" he cried, joyfully.

"I have not had the faintest approach of the symptoms of hydrophobia, no paroxysms of nervous derangement, no mental convulsions at the sight of fluids, no muscular convulsions. Well, well, I need not hollow too loud, yet, I am by no means out of the wood. How much am I poisoned? Shall I ever throw off the effects and be a well man again? This horrible stupor in which they have kept me almost constantly seems to have stepped away my very heart-blood! And it is stealing upon me again. The excitement of seeing you has kept it off for a little while, but it is coming back! Oh, it drowns me in a horrible oblivion!"

He moved about restlessly, trying to fight off the exhausting drowsiness caused by the unknown death-drugs which had been administered to him, and Geoffrey, sharing his anxiety, hurried away to find Vulpio, that he might instantly begin to undo the mischief he had done. After some searching he met him entering the ruined tower from the court, where he had been seeing the Marshall brothers off, and dragging him hastily up-stairs, the critical work of counteracting the poison already consuming the vital forces of Mr. Derwent began.

Vulpio worked his best and planned his wisest; his own safety hung on the recovery of his patient; and Geoffrey, securely hidden under the forbidding exterior of Vulpio's London factotum, Barber, helped him and mounted guard over the patient; while Godiva Montacute gradually banished from the sick room, waited moodily in her own hidden chamber for the fatal end—the fearful consummation which she had already lived through in agony without repeating her of the crime she believed was being perpetrated.

Geoffrey could scarcely bear to see

barriers, and the shortening of the distance between the ill-assorted pair.

Once Geoffrey came upon Vulpino and Godiva standing together under the wall of the ruined tower, the gray morning sun streaming full upon his devilish head and her seraphic one, the black and the gold drawn close to each other. They were gazing silently into each other's eyes. Vulpino held one of Godiva's slender hands poised on his own finger-tips; he had slipped upon the arched white wrist a flexible golden Neapolitan bracelet, in the favorite design of a serpent with its tail in its mouth, and its back-bone incrustured with emeralds and opals.

As Geoffrey walked past, looking fixedly upon the strange pair, Godiva seemed to awake from a trance. She slowly, and with a visible effort, removed her eyes from Vulpino's, and a sigh came deep and tremulous up from the depths of her heart.

"Keep your heirloom for your bride, then, Signore Vulpino; what have I to do with it?" she muttered, haughtily, and snatching the bracelet off her wrist she forced it into his hand and rapidly vanished into the tower.

Vulpino turned a look fraught with cold triumph upon Geoffrey.

"Struggle she may as she please," said he, smoothly running the bracelet round and round in his hard black fingers, "she weel note escappa—her destiny."

"Do you expect to induce her to break with Rufus Marshall?" asked Geoffrey, unable, in spite of her wickedness, to subdue a pang of pity for the miserable alternatives which lay before the helplessly bound adventuress.

"Rufus, ha! ha!" laughed Vulpino, in his low, oily voice, while his snake black eyes gleamed green fire. "Do you note understand these about pretta mees—that she'll bow down only to ze master spirit—note ever to heem who comes second? As long as Rufus, he was head, mees think, 'Yes, I shall be queen,' bote—Rufus, he es heemselfs deceive; I am head; I know a great something weech mees herself knows note; I say, 'Come, proud amica, marry Vulpino and he weel unbosom.' And she weel yet say, 'Yes, great chief; I weel marry you.' Rufus—ha! ha! ha!" and the diabolic laughter slid out once more at the mere name of such an insignificant rival.

Geoffrey hurried back to his uncle. He felt sick at heart.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A STORY OF TRUE LOVE.

THANKS TO Vulpino's zeal, Geoffrey's devotion, and Derwent's relief from anxiety, in the course of a week the invalid was able to be dressed and to move about his room leaning on his faithful nephew's shoulder. The wounds in his shoulder were healing without fever; and the stupefying effects of the poison he had absorbed were gradually disappearing under Vulpino's skillful treatment. The wound caused by the dog's fangs had been thoroughly cauterized half an hour after it was inflicted, and had ceased to cause the invalid any uneasiness.

He saw distinctly that this wound had only been inflicted that there might be a reason sufficiently plausible to excuse the mysterious removal of Mr. Derwent from the public's sight, and his speedy and secluded death; of course if he died of hydrophobia who would expect to be admitted to see the dreadful spectacle? And the false report that his co-heirs had taken him to France as a last hope, was well calculated to satisfy the most carping gossip that all had been done by his heirs to save the rich man that could be done; and if, after all, he died abroad and was brought home in a sealed casket to the family vault at Dornoch, his poor mutilated remains tenderly concealed from every eye, what more could his heirs have done?

Since Vulpino's change of treatment, and the departure of the Marshalls, Godiva had not entered the sick room. She was once or twice solicited by Vulpino, with much affected fervor, to share his weary vigil, while Barber was off duty; but his graphic description of the frightful change in the doomed man, and of his haunting entreaties for mercy, and his paroxysms of excruciating nervous derangement were more than enough to keep Godiva far from that terrible place. And the truth was that one glance at the invalid would have enlightened her. Hope, returning strength, gratified affection, and a nameless interest in the future, as connected with the now never-mentioned American girl, all these were assisting Mr. Derwent on his feet again, and obliterating with magical rapidity the signs of his past sufferings.

And every morning when Godiva greeted Vulpino she mutely asked with furtive, yet cruelly eager glance, "Is he dead?" and Vulpino would sigh, shrug one angular shoulder up to his skinny ear, and mumble about certain leathern constitutions that took long to kill, but surely such another night as last must, etc., etc.

Monica took longer to recover from her ordeal, though nursed with enthusiastic devotion by Mr. Price, who moved heaven and earth to fetch her all the delicacies her reduced condition demanded, and was never so happy as when he was half-carrying the muffled form of his late adversary up and down the strip of sward under the willows behind Toby's little cottage, and watching the pure cheek redden faintly under the sunny breeze. Cicely, too, adored and served Monica, figuratively on her knees. Her romantic situation, her wonderful story, her awful sufferings, and her beauty, goodness and dignity, all conspired to make service a joyous boon to this simple-hearted worshipper. Toby, too, taciturn though he was, and black-browed, fairly gave himself up to the gentle spell of the pure-natured girl; his gnarled features relaxing into genial smiles, and his deep-set eyes softening with feeling whenever she addressed him.

Every day Price met Geoffrey by appointment in a hazel copse near the Weald, and brought back to Monica the day's bulletin, but Geoffrey and Monica did not see each other again until Mr. Derwent was pronounced by his physician capable of undergoing a little physical exertion, and mental agitation.

The Weald was too gloomy a spot, and too inextricably associated with miserable recollections to be the right place for an invalid to brighten-up in, so as soon as he was strong enough to ride the distance, Geoffrey proposed moving the scene of his convalescence to Toby's cottage, where Monica awaited her father with Jonathan Brade's confession ready to smooth away all obstacles between them.

It had been resolved that the master of Dornoch-Weald should be concealed with the gamekeeper while the final acts in the great tragedy of his supposed death were being enacted by the three conspirators.

They were to be cheated into running the due length of their chain, that their punishment might be complete.

Godiva should suppose herself a double murderer, guilty of the blood of Otto Derwent and his daughter Monica; so that Vulpino could command her through his knowledge of her

crimes; and the Marshall brothers should believe themselves equally guilty and successful in their schemes, that their downfall might be the more overwhelming afterward.

Geoffrey had dutifully consulted his uncle as to this course, and received his hearty approbation, for it was not to be thought of that the traitors should be allowed to escape unscathed, nor yet that the honor of the haughty house of Derwent should be humbled by publishing abroad the infamy of these unworthy offshoots through the institution of legal proceedings. To punish the guilty and yet spare the innocent from the shame of a public exposure, became the present aim of Geoffrey's life, and it was thought wisest to compass these ends by following the course indicated.

On the tenth morning after the departure of Rufus and Gavaine, Godiva's sapphire-bright eyes read in the narrow slits cut in the parchment face of Vulpino a more than usually Santic significance, and a horrible paleness instantly overspread her charming features, accompanied by a visible shiver. It was exactly as if the door of an ice-filled vault had opened upon Godiva, and a blast of wintry rigor had swept over her. She seemed to shiver, to blench, to wither up to half her size; she stood rooted to the spot before Vulpino, cowering.

"Mees's commands dey are obeyed," smirked the poisoner, not afraid to drive the cruel shaft home in the quivering flesh; "de revere uncle, he no more. Povretto zio! He could not take de wealth weeth. Ah, bahl ole Vulpino ze man fore to bring pretta mees into h-r fortunes—ole Vulpino he hand a glove weeth king Death; they always work in concert. Rufus win a fortune for pretta mees! Ah, bahl nevare! Rufus noting bote a stupid coward. Mees weel nevare marry heem! Eh, donna divina!"

Godiva comprehended not a word of this sly harangue; she was face to face with murder, red and reeking, and her very heart seemed to die within her. It was done. Her benefactor was dead, at her command! Ay, her injury was avenged now, sure enough. He would never look upon her again, with that maddening memory of her proffered love lurking in his eye, a gleam of mockery. But, oh, what a little thing to take his life away for!

"Oh, Otto! Otto!" wailed Godiva Montacute, with a sudden, dreadful cry.

Vulpino first stared in quick amazement and curiosity. The woman's eye was rolling, her hands were in her hair, tearing it, she greedily enduring the physical hurts she was inflicting upon herself; she was almost frenzied.

He thought it was fear; he never dreamed it could be love! He flung out his long arms; he dared to catch her to his hungry heart; it was a gruesome embrace, for the man was old, particularly misshapen, and had all the unwholesome grotesqueness and uncleanness of the lower classes among foreigners; but she was less a woman at that moment, with dainty flesh and blood to lure and be lured, than a lost soul, giddy and frantic from its first look into the caverns of hell. So she did not repulse him; she let him press her golden head against his rusty bosom where the pulses beat hard and hurried under her ear, and bend his bearded muzzle to her lovely mouth, which quivered and quashed under his insolently, coarsely-prolonged kiss. She looked like an angel prisoned in the vile arms of some hateful satyr.

She scarcely knew what he was doing, though, for anguish of mind. And I think that even if she had known, she so abhorred the fair, soft body which held her murderous spirit, that she would have been passive, taking a grim delight in heaping pain and shame and dishonor upon a thing so infamous as herself.

Then Vulpino put the serpent upon her wrist, and said, loudly and distinctly:

"Mees Montacute, I'av reeked my life fore to obey you in the death of I signore; I now desire you fore my wife, having purchased a you weeth his death. You cannot but obey; I'av your life in my hands, and a word can ruin. I've love you instead; carissima, be mine."

Godiva mechanically released herself from his grasp, and with the vacant, wandering look of an idiot tottered off to her own room. But she carried the serpent on her arm.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 389.)

The Scarlet Captain:

OR,

The Prisoner of the Tower.

A STORY OF HEROISM.

BY COL. DELLE SARA.

AUTHOR OF "THE CAPTAIN OF THE LEGION," "THE PRIDE OF SAXON SARA," "SILVER SAM," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ASSAULT ON THE TOWER.

At the breach of the gun, trained to bear directly upon the little party clustered under the folds of the Montenegrin flag of truce, stood the swarthy Turk, Achmet, reported to be the best gunner in the Moslem service, the lighted match in his hand, awaiting the signal from the renegade to launch forth the deadly storm of iron hail which would surely carry destruction to the little band who had thus dared to boldly beard the lion in his den.

And yet, the Montenegrins quailed not, although they fully realized that their lives depended upon the caprice of the wily and unscrupulous Ismail Bey.

"And now, my doughty warriors, what is to prevent me from giving you to the death your insolence so richly merits!" he cried. "I have but to lift my finger and it is your passport to eternity."

"We are under the protection of a flag of truce," the American replied, as calm as though all this was a mere holiday parade and not the stern reality of bloody war.

"A flag of truce?" sneered Ismail; "and under what rule of war does the commander of regular troops recognize the flag of truce of a band of brigands, for such ye are, and nothing better?"

"You will not respect the flag, then?"

"No; a few minutes only I give you to prepare for the other world, and then, by Allah! I'll hurl your souls to perdition!" cried the renegade, fiercely.

"Such an outrage would receive the condemnation of all the civilized world!"

"Bah! what care we for the world? You are rebels—traitors in arms against your lawful sovereign; foolishly you have trusted yourself into my hands, and by the Prophet! I swear I'll make such an example of you, that all Montenegrins shall tremble from the Adriatic to the mountains when she hears of the punishment I shall inflict!"

"Tarry a while!" cried the American, coolly; "crook not your little finger for a few mo-

ments as a signal to your gunner to apply the match; pause and reflect. Are the lives of the Turkish officers and men, a thousand or more, captured in this last fight and now prisoners in the hands of the Montenegrins, of any value to you?"

Quietly and coolly the question had been put, but the force of it struck all the hearers instantly.

The American had the Turk upon the hip. Ismail did not reply, but glared in sullen rage at the bold speaker.

"Prince Nicholas of Montenegro is no child to be trifled with," the American continued. "He has a goodly number of your men in his hands, among them some officers of high rank; Osman Pasha is one of them. Give your signal to your gunner—blaze away with your cannon, send us headlong to the other world, and when the morning dawns, every tree without in sight of this old tower will bear witness to the vengeance of the prince, my master, in the shape of a strangled Turk dangling from the end of a long rope. We will die like men and soldiers, but your comrades, in retaliation, will be hanged like thieves and murderers."

"Your leader will never dare!" cried Ismail, in rage, for he perceived that the bold speaker had the best of it.

"Oh, will he not?" retorted the American, scornfully; "try him and see. I was doubtful about how a flag of truce would be received after the terrible thrashing we gave you so lately, but the prince quickly reassured me. 'If they fire upon the flag,' said he, 'I'll hang every Turk scoundrel within my lines at sunrise! Tell them so if they manifest a disposition to be ugly.'"

"The life of Osman Pasha is worth more than all the men in the Montenegrin land!" the renegade cried, sullenly; "and lest your leader, blind in the intoxication of his temporary triumph, should be tempted to harm him, I will reconsider my determination and let you go unharmed; but send me no more flags, for I give you fair warning I will fire upon the next one the instant it gets within range. You have our answer to your insolent demand; a soldier is left to man the walls, we shall hold out."

The American bowed his head, the trumpet sounded, and the Montenegrin party rode off, none of them sorry, to tell the truth, that they were well out of their perilous position.

And then the renegade and his men prepared for the attack which they felt sure would come at break of day.

It was plain that the tower was entirely surrounded, and that the Montenegrins were taking advantage of the darkness to get their guns in position so as to be ready to open fire with the first ray of light in the morning.

When the wily renegade had selected the tower as the abode of the Countess of Scutari, he had taken all due precautions. It had been so well strengthened and armed that the bey felt secure in its power to resist any force the Montenegrins could bring against it. That force could not exceed three thousand men. Within ten days, or two weeks at the outside, Mukhtar Pasha could easily gather together an army of eight or ten thousand men in Albania, by drawing from the fortified posts, and when Mukhtar advanced, the Montenegrins must either fight or fly.

And as the midnight hour drew nigh, the watchful ears of the renegade caught what seemed to be the moving of heavy artillery. Instantly he guessed what the insurgents were up to; they were getting their guns in position.

Under the cover afforded by the dark woods the Montenegrins were arranging their forces. "Shell the woods!" was Ismail's command.

"Elevate the guns and get as great a range as possible. Give them a shell every ten minutes in a half circle from sea to sea."

And thus the action began.

All night long the screaming shells whistled through the air. Not a gun replied from the Montenegrin side; it was plain the insurgents were endeavoring to mask their position.

Morning came at last, and two hours after daybreak the attack began.

Despite the random shelling of the previous night the Montenegrins had succeeded in getting their guns into position, and opened a heavy fire upon the tower.

Until late in the afternoon the artillery duel lasted, but the advantages were decidedly on the side of the besieged.

Two of the Montenegrin guns had burst, three had been disabled by the fire from the tower; a severe loss to the insurgents, for they were not rich in artillery, and they had not succeeded in making a breach in the walls, although the old gray stones showed plainly that the fire had been a severe one.

"Aha!" cried Ismail, in triumph, as the assailants' fire gradually slackened, and gun after gun withdrew from the contest, "unless you are gifted with wings like birds, my bold fellows, you will never take the old tower of Dulcigno!"

CHAPTER XXI.

A FEARFUL FATE.

AGAIN the night had come, and peace once more reigned around the old tower.

In the large apartment, the windows of which overlooked the sea, the two ladies sat. All day long they had been confined, close prisoners, to their apartments, a sentinel posted at the door by Ismail's orders.

Briefly he had consented to explain his reasons for the precaution to the two ladies.

"We are about to have a battle," he said; "these bold gentlemen without are going to test the goodness of our artillery and the strength of our walls. Hard knocks will be given and received; ball and shell are no respecters of persons, and if either of you venture to the walls, you are as likely to be hit as any soldier of the garrison, and I feel too much interest in you to permit you to expose yourself to needless danger."

Vainly the two protested that they were willing to take the chances; the renegade listened to them with an icy smile, but posted his sentinel all the same.

"Oh, no!" he had muttered, as the sound of the guns called him to the walls, and he had hurriedly quitted the apartment occupied by the two; "no random shot—no exploding shell, although aimed by the hands of your countrymen, fair countess, shall tear you from me; even grim death is a rival I defy!"

And so in the seclusion of their apartment the ladies had remained all day long, listening to the sounds of war.

For a time the cannonading had been quite fierce, and the prisoners, their hopes rising and sinking with every fresh discharge, speculated vainly as to which way the fortunes of the day were tending.

From the windows of the apartment they commanded a view of the sea only, and therefore were debarred from all sight of the contest.

But when the sun began to sink in the blue

waters of the Adriatic, fairest of all the European seas! and the fierce artillery duel gradually slackened, hope sprang up afresh within the hearts of the prisoners.

"Do you not see that the fire is slackening?" Catherine exclaimed. "My life upon it, the guns of the castle have been silenced by the Montenegrin batteries—a breach, perhaps, made in the wall, and soon the storming-party will advance to the attack, and then we shall be rescued from the power of this base renegade!"

"Pray Heaven that your guess is truth!" Alexina replied, fervently.

And then the two waited and watched. Slowly the sun sunk, disappeared, all robed in crimson, gold and Tyrian purple, and the shades of eventide began to gather.

The stillness of death reigned without. No sounds of war now, no hoarse clang of trumpets, loud roll of drums, nor deep-mouthed belching of roaring cannon.

The hearts of the two girls seemed to still within their bosoms as they lingered in this awful suspense. And as the sable gloom of night descended on the earth, into the apartment came servants bearing lights, and at their back walked the Turkish leader.

A single glance at the stern and haughty face of Ismail Bey, and both the prisoners, with womanly apprehension, realized that the fortunes of the day had gone against the assailants. The castle had resisted the attack. The servants retired, and the renegade, coolly helping himself to a chair, surveyed the hapless maidens.

"I come to satisfy your curiosity," he said.

"Yes?" Catherine was as distant and haughty as though for the last eight hours she had not been stretched upon the rack of apprehension.

"The Montenegrins opened fire on us early this morning and the attack lasted until two hours ago. It was signally unsuccessful. Their guns failed to make any impression upon our works, while on our part, our artillery inflicted severe damage upon them. In fine, we have silenced their fire and compelled them to withdraw from the attack; therefore, countess, give up all hope of rescue, for you are as securely in my power as though you were in my palace at Constantinople."

Catherine did not reply, but with a look of haughty contempt turned away and gazed out of the window upon the dark surface of the swelling waves.

With the coming of the night the storm-king had marshaled his battalions across the sky, hiding the light of the moon, and not even a single star had strength to pierce the dark veil.

As dark as that stormy sky was the future of the Scutari countess.

"For a week or ten days this rabble can amuse themselves by battering away at these old walls, but strong as they are old," Ismail continued. "And then Mukhtar Pasha will bring up his legions and we'll sweep like a swarm of locusts over the Montenegrin land!"

"Perhaps?" Catherine exclaimed, scornfully, provoked into speech. "When heaven levels the Duga Pass, when she makes the mountains of Montenegro as flat as the Albanian plains, takes the bold heart and the strong arm of the mountaineer from him and reduces him to the condition of a peaceful shepherd, like the slaves of the South, the passive subjects of Turkish tyranny, then, and not till then, will the crescent sweep in triumph over the mountain land!"

The bey had watched the face of the inspired girl, kindled into fresh beauty by her excitement, with an admiring eye.

"By Allah!" he cried, "you are worthy to be a warrior's bride. Every word you speak increases my admiration. And now that all barriers between us are removed, I pant with impatience for the hour which makes you mine."

"That hour will never come!" cried the countess, quickly.

"Be not so sure of that!" Ismail replied, a dark and scornful smile of triumph upon his face. "All obstacles between us are removed; I can make you mine now with a free conscience. You are the ward of the sultan, his subject, and I, as his officer, have power to bestow your hand whether you are willing or not. To-morrow our marriage-rites shall be celebrated."

"To-morrow!" Catherine exclaimed in horror.

"Ay, to-morrow," the renegade answered, firmly. "It is useless to idle time away; a week, a month, or a year hence, will find you no more willing."

"But you forget I am already married."

"Did I not say that all obstacles were removed? This adventurer who, like a knight of the olden time, terms himself the Scarlet Captain, like the foolhardy ruffian that he was, has risked his life once too often. He fell during the attack to-day."

The countess had listened incredulously, and the Turkish commander perceived at once that his story was doubted.

"You do not believe it?"

"No."

"When our marriage rites are solemnized to-morrow, perhaps you will then."

"Such a ceremony would be only a mockery!"

"Since it gives me the prize I have toiled long years to gain, I shall not complain," the renegade retorted, coolly.

"You will not dare to commit such an outrage!" Catherine exclaimed, spiritedly, all her angry blood flaming in her veins. "Even the sultan, your master, careless as he is of the world's opinion, will hesitate before he sanctions such an infamous attack upon the descendant of one of the oldest houses in Europe! All the Christian world will surely take up arms to avenge such an affront upon a helpless woman!"

"That remains to be seen," the renegade replied, not in the least disturbed by the threat. "At present the hour is mine, and let the future bring what it will, by Allah! I will improve the opportunity! To-morrow makes you mine for this world, although the act sends me to the other straightway!"

And then the trickster withdrew, leaving behind him consternation, if not despair.

Dark as the stormy night without was the future now to Scutari's countess.

CHAPTER XXII.

A BRAVE DEVICE.

"Oh, he will never dare!" Alexina exclaimed. "You think that he will!"

Catherine bowed her head sadly.

"But such a terrible outrage!"

"Look at the man's past life and see how many vile deeds lie at his door," the countess responded. "Times have changed, too, now; we live not in the ancient days when the wrongs of the helpless woman borne abroad on the free winds would bring gallant men from all parts of the world to espouse her cause and avenge her wrongs. We are here, closely confined in this old castle, surrounded by men devoted to this villain. I see plainly that he has made up his mind to make me his prey, at all

hazards; he has counted the cost, and determined to risk everything to gain his purpose. He will force me into this marriage in spite of all that I can do; neither prayers nor threats will turn him from his purpose, and once the marriage is accomplished what can I do? He will tell his story to the world, and swear that I willingly agreed to the union—have supplies tools to back his false oath; he will keep me in close confinement, and you, too, my poor Alexina, for you know too much to be allowed to go freely. The only hope I had was that the Montenegrins might be able to capture the castle."

"But do you believe his story that the attack has failed?"

"Yes; there I think he spoke the truth; everything confirms it," the countess replied, sadly. "There was ample time after the cannonading ceased for the attacking force to assault if they had succeeded in making a breach in the walls. No, he spoke the truth; the tower was too strong and the attack failed."

"A second may be more successful."

Naturally light-hearted and sanguine Alexina grasped at every chance.

"Perhaps, but you forget that my fate will be sealed in the morning."

"Do you believe that the Scarlet Captain is dead?" asked the foster-sister, abruptly.

"No, I do not; the story was but a ruse on the part of this evil-minded man to make me think myself utterly helpless."

"If the Scarlet Captain is alive, then, dear Catherine, you will be rescued!" Alexina cried, confidently. "He loves you; I am sure of it; and he will move heaven and earth to save you."

The countess smiled.

"Silly child, what can this poor young man, this nameless adventurer, whose only fortune is probably his sword, do against the power of this Turkish bey, the governor of Albania, and one of the highest officers in the Turkish service? A favorite, too, of the new sultan, I have heard, although when I heard the matter discussed, I little thought that Ismail Bey was my renegade cousin, John Belina, or that within so short a time he would exercise such a powerful influence over my fortunes."

"The Scarlet Captain loves you, and that love will give him power to baffle even the schemes of so great a man as this wicked renegade!" Alexina persisted.

The countess shook her head.

"You do not believe it?"

"No; you are a romantic child, and this problem is one of real life. I married this unknown gentleman hastily, foolishly perhaps; I was desperate—ready to adopt any course to defeat the plans of this base villain, who had so cunningly entrapped me. I thought that the marriage would terminate the persecution, but it has proved otherwise."

Alexina approached and twined her arms caressingly about Catherine.

"Oh, my poor sister, the future seems dark indeed."

"Yes, like yonder sky no star shines through the clouds, but there is one way to escape from the pursuit of this man, who is more hateful to me than the meanest, crawling reptile that exists upon the earth."

"And that is?"

"Were I dead should be free! Gloomy was the tone of the girl but full of determination.

"Oh, Catherine, you would not die?"

"And why not? Is not death preferable to a life linked to a man whom I abhor?"

"But death—and you are so young—the future seemed all so bright."

"Yes, but my fortunes have changed, and I would gladly welcome death rather than the fate that now lies before me. My mind is fully made up. Unless kind Heaven, who now seems to frown so bitterly upon me, sends some means of escape, if I am forced into this hated union, sooner than submit myself a helpless victim to this vile traitor, I will leap from yonder window into the sea. Rather a grave beneath the blue waters of the Adriatic than life with Ismail Bey!"

"Oh! it would be a fearful leap!"

And the two girls with sad faces approached the window and gazed out upon the stormy night. Black as ink was earth, sea and air; dark and sullen the rain-drops fell upon the surface of the troubled waters. So dark the night that one could scarcely see a hand's breadth before.

The sullen swash of the waves below, beating upon the rocks whereon the castle was founded, came audibly to the ears of the imprisoned ladies, and to their gloomy imagination, forcibly impressed by the time and the hour, the doleful sound seemed like the wail of some unquiet spirit.

Alexina shuddered as she looked down into the gulf, dark as the shades of hell.

"Oh, Catherine, to find death there! It would be too horrible!" she exclaimed, her soul full of terror.

"To find death anywhere is dreadful unless one is weary of life, and then death comes like slumber to the tired worker. To die is but to sleep."

"The very thought makes me sick at heart."

"The prospect before me is so dark and hateful that I am sick to the soul whenever I think of it, and yet, try as I will, I cannot keep my thoughts from the subject. See in what a terrible situation I am placed. If no unforeseen accident—and it seems hopeless to look for one—occurs, I shall be sacrificed to the fierce passion of this hated renegade; then naught but death is left to me, for death under such circumstances would indeed be a blessing; but, if I should escape, if heaven at the eleventh hour should interpose to save me, what then lies before me? I shall be free from the power of this vile man, but foolishly I have bound myself to an unknown adventurer; I am the wife of the Scarlet Captain; who is he? do you know, or I, or anybody else? No; he is a soldier of fortune; he seems like a gentleman, but yet he may be far otherwise. How will he use the power which, willfully, recklessly, I gave him? He has sworn never to claim the rights of a husband; the ceremony was to be a marriage only in name, but what security have I that he will keep his word? Why did he marry me? What was his object? Ah, Alexina, if I should escape from the power of this mongrel Turk, I fear that this Scarlet Captain might prove to be fully as hard a tyrant."

"Oh, no!" Alexina protested, full of confidence; "I will not believe it! He has a noble face; and then, too, my American declared that he was a prince in heart!"

The countess shook her head.

"You do not believe that he is a gentleman?"

THE SINGER.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

She sat at the instrument,
And her graceful head was bent,
And her cheeks were red as fire,
And again as white as snow,
And her voice was faint and low,
Nor could she raise it higher.

Around stood haughty dames,
Whose jewels shone like flames,
And girls, a fluttering crowd,
With worldly gentlemen
And a critic of sharp pen.
With head, as he listened, bowed.

Her first—her first attempt—
"Oh, might I be exempt!"
("The notes and the keys one blur.")
But her mother on her led
Lay sick, and the misty dread
Dispersed at the thought of her.

Her pulse leaped on its course;
She struck the keys with force
In a prelude full of fire;
And her voice rose like a bird
That high in the heaven soared,
And soared, and does not tire.

Then it moaned like some poor dove
That has lost its mated love;
Then lower, like the sea;
While the sobbing instrument
Its sighing pathos lent
To the deep, deep misery.

Then, when all hearts were still,
It went, with a silver thrill,
Straight up to the heavenly wall;
Awhile it warbled there;
And then, with a careless care,
Came back with a downy fall.

The praises of her song
Were the silence of the throng
As she sat amid the group,
Her white hands in her lap,
A little tired, mayhap,
And her soft blue eyes adroop.

Then the band began to play,
The listeners moved away
To join in the joyous dance,
And the singer, pale and slight,
In her simple dress of white,
Looked up, and met a glance.

The stranger's eyes were soft—
As they turned to her full oft—
They made her sad heart beat.
He came and told her his name,
One, many a worldly dame
Would cast at a daughter's feet.

And when she sang again,
Gone was the trouble and pain
Of the singer, singing sweet;
The glow of his tender eyes
Was like the stars that rise
To guide a traveler's feet.

When the jeweled guests once more
Were gathered as before,
A bride was pressed to sing—
And her voice rose angel-high
As the light of her blue eye
Fell on her wedding-ring.

Dr. Sydney St. John.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A LARGE, elegantly furnished bedroom, that was the very ideal of luxurious comfort and convenience. The walls tinted the daintiest, most delicate shade of glossy, silvery pink, picked out with gold; suitable pictures on the wall, hung with exquisite taste; curtains of foamy white lace beneath pink silk lambrequins; an elaborate suit of paneled walnut, with marble tops ornamented with the most elegant toilet suit of pink silk and Valenciennes lace; a pink and gold and white china set, brackets on the walls, in the corners, adorned with dainty draperies, and ornamented with marble statuettes; big, cosy spring rockers, upholstered in gray velvet and pink silk, a lounge en suite, and all matching the soft, mossy Aubusson carpet of pearly gray and pink.

It was a picture of artistic beauty and tasteful wealth, and the sweet, lovely face, lying on the lace-edged pillows, was itself a picture, with its pure, ivory complexion, dark, wistful eyes, heavy brows and lashes, and the luxuriant golden hair that trailed almost to the floor as the invalid swept it wearily aside. She had been lying there such a long weary-time, and she didn't get any better—rather, she grew weaker and more nervous with every passing day, although her sweetness of temper did not desert her, nor her patient endurance.

Every day for months old Dr. Grassmere would drive up in his carriage and make his professional visit, and leave his orders for the day, and then drop in Mr. Nugent's study below and report.

And yet Mrs. Nugent did not get well; and there came to be a look of fear and pain on her husband's face, and one of puzzled dismay on Dr. Grassmere's countenance.

"I am entirely at a loss to account for your wife's persistence in remaining sick, Harry. I've given her enough tonic to enable her to shoulder a meeting-house, and yet there she lays as you see her—patient, resigned, obedient, but—no better. I can't see that there is any organic trouble anywhere. Beyond a general debility and extreme depression of spirits, nothing ails her."

Harry Nugent looked anxiously in the good-natured face of this trusty, sensible old doctor, who had been the family physician of the Nugents ever since the time he had ushered young Harry into the world—twenty-five years ago—who had known him well, as baby, boy and man, and who was friend and adviser.

"But she suffers, doctor, she certainly suffers. There are times when she is very faint and says she feels so deathly; and her poor heart will pant as if it would leap from her side. My darling little Nellie! Oh, Dr. Grassmere, you know I would give half my fortune to see her well and around again, light-hearted and sunny-smiled as she was six months ago, before baby came and died."

Dr. Grassmere was corrugating his big, bald forehead into a perfect nest of deep, puzzled wrinkles.

"Bless her sweet face, I believe I'd give all of mine if I could get her out again. Honestly, Harry, my skill is exhausted. I don't know what else to do. There's no use pouring any more medicine down her. I will confess, my boy, I'm discouraged."

Harry's handsome face blanched.

"My God, doctor! Is it so bad as that? Will she die? She's not dying, is she?"

He sprang to his feet as he spoke, agitated and heart-sick.

"Not positively dying, Harry, but I tell you she can't live very long in this passive condition in which she rests, month in and month out. Something should be done to arouse her—frighten her, shame her—anything, but I can't do it. I've reasoned with her, scolded her, laughed at her—but she takes it all with that sweet courtesy that you know never fails her, and gently answers me that she knows her days are numbered, that when her baby died she felt so, and proves it by telling me I know she fails, which is a fact I cannot gainsay. To save my soul, Harry, I couldn't persuade her to be helped up in the easy-chair for a while this morning—I never was so tempted in my life as I was to pick her up bodily and carry her into the next room."

Harry gave a little cry of dismay.

"Oh, doctor, how could you dream of such a thing! Why, it would have killed her—she's so weak she fainted yesterday when I told her there were a couple of lady friends in the drawing-room who wanted to see her."

Dr. Grassmere gave an extra vigorous polish to his speckled gold-rimmed glasses.

"That's it, precisely! She won't see anybody, and thus get a chance of being cheered up a little. She's just lying there, letting her life ooze away while her nurse croaks to her and reads pages on pages of 'The Glories of Heavenly Rest' and 'Comfort to Dying Souls'—two admirable books, I grant, but hardly the sort of reading suitable to any one for whose life we are fighting."

Harry's face was grave and thoughtful.

"Do you really think I had better dismiss Mrs. Carter and get a younger and more cheerful nurse?"

"Emphatically. I am prolonging my stay this morning far beyond its prescribed limits, just because I am convinced something decided has to be done. I want you to spirit those doleful books away; I want you to try the experiment of reading a little to Nellie yourself—nothing funny or amusing, for the change would be too sudden—but something entertaining. Then—I want you to get another doctor."

Harry looked at him in blank amazement.

"Another doctor?"

"Just so, my dear boy. My skill has been tested to the full. I honestly think it will be best to treat your wife to a decided change. And I want you to send for a lady-doctor, too—there's sympathy between women that may turn to advantage in this case."

Harry looked blanker than ever.

"A lady-doctor?"

"Yes—one I know, and will strongly recommend. A sensible, skillful, agreeable woman, to whom your wife will incline, and whose influence will be more palpable than mine. Do it, Harry. Authorize me to send Dr. Sydney St. John here this afternoon. I'll see her, and give her a history of the case, and I'll promise to have an eye after you all; and, please God, we'll make a desperate effort for Nellie's life."

So it came to pass that Dr. Grassmere called at the office of Miss St. John, and had a long consultation with her; and at four o'clock of that afternoon, when Harry was sitting at his wife's bedside, telling her that Mrs. Carter was obliged to leave her, and that another nurse was coming, that a servant announced that Dr. St. John was waiting.

And a minute after there came in the room a fair-faced, graceful-formed girl, of perhaps twenty-two or three, with the sweetest, most thoughtful face Harry Nugent thought he had ever seen. Even Nellie, who took so little notice of anything, was instantly impressed by the beauty of the large, laughing gray eyes, overshadowed by luxuriant purple-black brows—eyes that seemed at constant variance with the gravity and dignity and self-possession expressed by the firm, well-shaped mouth with its warmly red lips.

She was a thorough lady—the most casual glance decided that. Her dress was the very beau-ideal of what a lady physician's dress should be—a becomingly-made street suit of soft cashmere—not a forlorn short skirt and skimpy breadth, but a toilet that was exquisitely graceful and stylish without being desperately modish.

Mr. Nugent arose and bowed.

"Is this Dr. St. John? I am glad to see you. This is our invalid—my wife, Mrs. Nugent."

Dr. St. John showed her beautiful pearl teeth as she smiled and gave her hand to Nellie—such a fair, womanly hand, white and firm and strong, with pearly pink nails and the round wrist encircled loosely by a spotless linen cuff, fastened with a large gold sleeve-stud, with an intricate monogram in pearls.

(Harry, observing fellow, saw all of it.)

Then came a long list of professional questions, then several professional directions, one or two suggestions, and then a general conversation ensued, in which Harry and the pretty doctor had their fair share.

And then, Dr. St. John said good-morning to Nellie, promising to bring her a new book of which they had been talking, and was escorted down to her elegant little phaeton that awaited her at the door, with the groom in livery perched in his high back seat.

"Before we say good-morning, Mr. Nugent, there is one word to be said regarding your wife. I am convinced there is nothing the matter with her that might not be removed of her own will. She is prostrated and nervous because she persists in keeping her bed; she must be made to get out of it. Indeed, if I may speak so emphatically, I may declare that Mrs. Nugent will die of pure obstinacy in refusing to get well."

Harry stood beside the phaeton, his handsome face wearing a look of gravity and bewilderment.

"That is what Dr. Grassmere said. 'We all admit she ought to get out of her sick-bed, but what good will it do to give her the shock necessary to arouse her?'"

Miss St. John looked the very picture of professional skill as she answered:

"A shock! Certainly not. An alarm of fire or a rumor of danger of any sort would perhaps kill—perhaps cure her, but the risk is not to be taken. It is just here, Mr. Nugent. Your wife honestly believes she is too ill ever to recover, and you know, as well as I, what wonderful effects the mind produces electrically on the physical organization. Now, for the sake of her life, which can be saved, we must get her out of bed—let her know for herself she is able to do it—and to accomplish this Dr. Grassmere has asked my consent to take the case. We have arranged a plan of action which he will tell you; and I think in a very short time you will see Mrs. Nugent far on the road to recovery."

It was a lovely morning, with such revels of glad sunshine lying all over the fair city, with such health-giving, life-strengthening tonic in the fresh sweet air, that Dr. Grassmere felt that it required all his self-control to keep him from flinging open the carefully-closed shutters and close the door, as he walked into the atmosphere of camphor and ammonia, and cologne water.

He found the invalid propped up among the lace-trimmed pillows, looking very pale and thin, and gentle and patient as usual.

"Well, Mrs. Nellie, and how are you coming on nowadays, with your new doctor? I declare, you do look better. Feel better, I should say. Glorious weather to convalesce in."

He held her little cold hand in his big one, and caressed it as one might a baby's fingers.

"I am comfortable, Dr. Grassmere, and that is all I can expect. I'm glad to see you, and so will Harry be. Isn't it nearly time he was home to lunch?"

Dr. Grassmere took out his watch.

"Nearly—yes, quite time. Has Dr. St. John

called to-day? I was in hopes I would meet her."

Nellie twisted her ring on her poor thin finger—her one ring, her wedding ring.

"We like her very much. She is very beautiful and fascinating, and she and Harry have such nice times together laughing and talking." A faint little sigh ended the remark.

"So you think Harry admires her—not any more than he ought to, eh?"

Nellie looked bewilderedly at him, and for the first time in months a flush crept to her pale face.

"More than he ought to! What do you mean, Dr. Grassmere?" And there was emphasis in the sweet, surprised voice as Nellie put the question—a question that Dr. Grassmere did not answer because there came a rap at the door, followed by the entrance of a servant bringing Mrs. Nugent's lunch—a quail on toast, a cup of chocolate, a soft-boiled egg, and a saucer of luscious peaches-and-cream—of all of which perhaps a half-dozen tastes would be taken.

And besides, there was a letter lying on the damask-covered silver tray—a letter, whose envelope was jagged, as if it had been hurriedly torn open.

"Oh, a letter, for you Mrs. Nugent?"

Dr. Grassmere put on his glasses as he prepared to cut Nellie's quail to suit, but was interrupted by a faint exclamation from Nellie, who had taken the letter and seen, first, the superscription: "Mr. Harry Nugent," and then—hurriedly tearing it open, the beginning—"My darling Harry," and the ending, "Ever your own true Sydney."

"Where did you get it?" she asked, almost gasping, of the maid.

"Indeed, and it was a-layin' on the flure of the hall as I cam' along, ma'am, and I on'y jist minded me to pick it up, thinkin' it was bish to give it to yees. Indade, and not knowin' the writin' on it, I thought it—"

But Nellie was not listening. She had pushed away the little table where the luncheon stood, and in her excitement and horror had risen partly from her bed, and was leaning on her elbow, devouring this horrible letter that read that her husband had become tired of her whining invalidism, and had concluded to take French leave for a while; and in answer to the entreaties that Dr. St. John would practically prove the love she had so often declared, was this letter from her, consenting to fly with him, and agreeing to meet him at the Clarendon hotel, that very day, at noon, to make their final arrangements.

Then, when she had read it, Nellie fainted, and while she lay there several seconds, white and unconscious, Dr. Grassmere read the letter and laughed and fairly shook.

"Pretty good! First rate! I declare I couldn't 'a done it better myself! Clarendon, eh, now? I'll bet on Nellie when she comes to!"

And almost as soon as she opened her eyes, Nellie struggled up in bed, her eyes more expressive than Dr. Grassmere had seen them in many a day.

"Go for a carriage—quick! Send Pauline to me—I must get up, somehow, anyhow! Oh, Dr. Grassmere, to think my Harry—!"

She swallowed back her tears, and looked determinedly at him.

"If I find them—if I find her—do be quick, Dr. Grassmere—do be quick!"

And the moment the door had closed on him, Nellie Nugent was on her feet for the first time in months—trembling, weak, it was true, but fired by a vehemence that sent her blood pulsing riotously along her veins. With the assistance of Pauline, she was soon dressed, and wrapped in her shawl, and then, chuckling to herself, Dr. Grassmere escorted her downstairs—every step she took firmer than the other—every moment adding brighter indignation to her eyes, until when, after what seemed a longer drive than necessary, their carriage drove up to the ladies' entrance of the Clarendon. Mrs. Nugent would never have been taken for the woman who, two hours ago, had been lying white and helpless among the pillows of the bed she had not left for so long. At the Clarendon, Dr. Grassmere escorted her to the ladies' parlor, while he went on a tour of investigation. In five minutes he returned and took Nellie on his arm, and together they ascended by the elevator to almost the very door of a private parlor, before which Dr. Grassmere paused.

"Now, Nellie, my dear child, are you all ready for a surprise? Are you sure you can bear what you will hear in a moment?"

And Nellie, cresting her head a second in righteous indignation, then lowering it with sudden anguish of heart, told Dr. Grassmere she knew her heart was broken because Harry was so cruelly treacherous.

Dr. Grassmere and she followed the servant in; then he dismissed the man, and then he called out:

Harry! Here she is! We've managed to get her out of her own free will, and the result is—look at her!"

And Harry came out from the second room of the suit, and rushed up to her and caught her in his arms.

"Nellie! My darling! Thank God for this!"

And Nellie, bewildered, half frightened, looked inquiringly around.

"But—where is—where is Dr. St. John?"

Then Dr. Grassmere laughed as if he never would stop, and even Mr. Nugent smiled as he held her in his arms and smoothed her cheek caressingly.

I will confess I did not like the means to get you out, darling, but Dr. Grassmere was so confident, and you see he was not wrong—and as Dr. St. John is his betrothed wife—why, I consented. You will forgive us all the innocent little trick, Nellie?"

And from that very hour Nellie Nugent dated her recovery—and that very night, in her parlors, the three conspirators laughed with her over their very heroic treatment.

"It happened to save me," Nellie says, dubiously. "All the same I shall never recommend good-looking lady doctors."

"Far be it from us to doubt the word of a brother editor," says the *La Crosse Sun*. "We believe them all to be truthful men; but, when the *Durand Times* says that the water is so low at the mouth of the Chippewa river that catfish have to employ mud-turtles to tow them over the bar, we feel as though the editor were to be saved."

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THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

BY HARRIET ESTHER WARNER.

Fair was the golden sashine
As before the altar there
She knelt, our blue-eyed Mabel,
The bride of our dear Harry.
Her dainty form clad in satin,
Pearls in the golden hair,
Yet the dimpled chin quivered strangely
As with something like despair.

A grand match it was, folks whispered—
Her beauty, his honor and gold;
Ah yes! a grand match, considering
That a heart for wealth had been sold.
The love that would make Earth a Heaven
Had been trampled out of sight,
Because it came not with riches:
The poor to love have small right!

And so, she had taken the suitor
That came with the glamour of gold,
And hidden love's wonderful secret
In her heart that had grown strangely cold.
And when Grace Mabel smiled sweetly
Through the lace of her bridal veil,
She wondered if "gold cured the heartache,
If not"—and she smothered a wail.

Five years went by and the altar
Before which fair Mabel was wed
Was trimmed again for our darling—
But now 'twas with flowers for the dead.
Instead of love's royal roses
Pale lilies and cypress were there;
And no gleam of bridal vestments,
But sable that told of despair.

Only five years since Mabel, our darling,
In a bride's snowy sheen was arrayed,
Now wrap in Death's wonderful silence
Her form in the coffin is laid.
Had she been happy, we wondered,
As we gazed on the face cold and fair,
And shuddered as we saw streaks of silver
Softly gleam in the gold of her hair!

Too late, too late now the knowledge
That love is not purchased with gold;
And useless the tears that are falling
On the lips that are silent and cold.
Over the dower-strewn coffin
The tears of the husband are shed;
And we pity him in his great sorrow,
And weep with him over the dead.

Just three months since dear little Mabel
Had passed to the Twilight shore,
And our eyes were still wet with weeping,
And the craps still hung at the door,
When we read in the great city paper
Of a wedding gown and key:
For Mabel's grief-stricken husband
Was married, gain to-day!

Margoun, the Strange:

OR,

Gilbert Grayling's Young Wife.

BY WM. MASON TURNER, M. D.,
AUTHOR OF "COLLEGE RIVALS," "MASKED MINER," "\$50,000 REWARD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.
ON THE WING.

ON the day following it was soon known in the seminary that Grace Grayling and her roommate were to leave for home.

Good Madame Lefebre looked much to give up her scholars, inasmuch as they had taken a long course of study, and now lacked only a few months of "graduating"—so called for courtesy's sake. But she could oppose nothing. She simply looked on tearfully, as now and then she saw for a few moments into the girls' room to see them pack their trunks.

By noon the trunks were strapped, madame's tuition bill paid, and the two girls, now students no longer, were ready, in their traveling-dresses, for the journey. They were awaiting the coming of Abner Denby, from whom that morning at an early hour they had heard. That individual had written a formal note to the effect that he would call at the seminary and give the maidens any assistance that lay in his power.

Grace and Clara were now anxiously looking for him; for without him they would have no one to attend to their baggage, and no one to escort them to the depot. For this duty, Grace was reluctantly compelled to accept of the clerk's company. But the time flew by; twelve o'clock came, then one, and the dinner-hour at the seminary rolled around. Still Abner Denby had not come.

Yet the girls expected to leave the city on the four o'clock train. Did not this young wife anxious to carry out her father's wishes as near to the letter as possible. To that end she wished to get to the distant Grange away up by the lake; and the sooner the better.

Truth was, Grace, almost as much down and out to heart by the unexpected and unwelcome tidings of her father's letter bore, longed now for seclusion. She could find it at the Grange, where she could hide herself from the world.

She passed a sleepless night—that is, what remained of it after she and Clara had gone to bed. And long after the dark-haired brunette had gone to sleep, Grace lay with wide-open eyes, and thought of what she might have to go through with in the near-at-hand future.

Why had not her father written to her before, and at least hinted at his marital intentions? Why did he, an old man, wed a young woman—a girl only two years older than herself? Why did her father prejudice her own conduct in the premises, and give her such harsh, stern advice? Did not this young wife give her heart and hand to him simply because he was a rich man? If so, was she not an adventuress? What in life would then be worth the living for, at the Grange? Would not her own heretofore happy and gladsome existence be henceforth forever dark and dreary?

These thoughts had rapidly revolved through Grace Grayling's distressed bosom; and when at last she sunk into a restless, uneasy slumber, it was nearly day; and she had sobbed herself to sleep.

But now she sat all alone in her dear old room in the broad glare of day, waiting for Abner Denby. For the time she was alone—Clara Dean having just left the room to hold some farrow chats with her schoolmates. And here, sitting alone, she drew near the window, through which in the happy past she had so often looked out at the passing world. The sky was blue and bright; not a cloud floated in the still, cold ether. The storm of the night before had blown itself away; but it left its work behind. Great drifts of snow covered the streets, rendering them almost impassable; and the glistening, sheeny surface showed as far as the eye could reach.

Ten minutes passed—then a quarter of an hour; and Grace still stood by the window looking sadly out. As she gazed, a dreamy, musing expression gradually crept over her face. Her wrinkled brow smoothed, and her long, silken lashes fringed upon her cheek. She shook her head and murmured sadly:

"'Tis very strange! But I cannot keep him out of my mind! I have heard much of his singular history. He has had a checkered life; and, why—hesitatingly—papa, perhaps, did not treat him exactly right, in buying his old estate from him, without letting him know it—and he, poor fellow, so far away!"

She paused abruptly and flung back one of her truant tresses.

"But, psaw!" she muttered, with a forced laugh, "why should I pity him! Have I not more reason to dislike him! Did he not write papa a very impertinent letter? And if he ever should come back, will he not be our enemy? But," and the dreamy, musing look came again to her face, a hazy light to her eyes, "I can't help thinking about Thorne Manton! What a strange given-name! Thorne! I wonder—"

"A strange name indeed! THORLE!" said a voice behind her; and Clara Dean quietly closed the door and approached.

"You, Clara," stammered Grace, in confusion, her cheeks crimsoning.

"But, psaw!" she muttered, with a forced laugh, "why should I pity him! Have I not more reason to dislike him! Did he not write papa a very impertinent letter? And if he ever should come back, will he not be our enemy? But," and the dreamy, musing look came again to her face, a hazy light to her eyes, "I can't help thinking about Thorne Manton! What a strange given-name! Thorne! I wonder—"

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"Yes; THORLE is a strange name! It smacks of the bleak Norseland. Did you read any of the writings of the old Norse Sagas, Grace, dear?"

"No, and I don't care to," was the tart reply. "Ah! Well, perhaps you would like some dinner; that is more prosaic," and Clara laughed.

"No; I care nothing for that either. I can't eat, Clara; I feel too sad."

"Very good. But, under all circumstances I am blessed with a fair appetite. So I'll—"

At that moment the front bell, under a vigorous pull, rung through the grand seminary. A few moments later, a servant announced that Mr. Abner Denby was in the parlor, and would like to see Miss Grayling for a few moments.

Grace's face brightened at the news; this was some relief at least; so she hurried from the room, while Clara Dean ran down-stairs to dinner.

When Grace reached the parlor, Mr. Denby was standing hand in hand by the mantel; and, as if he had entirely forgotten the girl's harsh words to him of the night before, he bowed courteously, and hastened to say:

"Thanks, Miss Grayling, for not keeping me waiting; for I am pressed for time. I would have been here earlier, but I

CHAPTER XXIX.

GOSPEL GEORGE was the only one of the party that failed to promptly obey the command of Harry Lane. Without a moment's hesitation he plunged into the water, vanishing almost immediately from view of his comrades.

"An' that's the end o' him!" muttered Grumbling Dick, as they once more resumed their stations in the rifle-pit. "The boss said they was a traitor 'mong us, an' now I know it—the bigger fools we fer lettin' him blind us so long!"

"Treachery there has been," slowly responded Harry Lane, "foul and cunning treachery, but I cannot believe that Gospel George is the guilty one. What could be his object? He has fought for us, has been badly wounded—"

"I don't reckon you've ever seed these wounds, hev you?" dryly added Barnes. "An' what was the reason our weapons didn't go off? 'Cause somebody 'd doctored 'em. Who could 'a' did it? Just one o' two persons—the two as war left alone with 'em this afternoon; Gospel George an' poor dead Alf. Picard."

"If may, possibly, have been an accident," said Harry, yet evidently struck by the clearness of Grumbling Dick's reasoning. "The caps may have got wet, or have fallen off. Keep a close look-out while I see."

A hasty examination—through the sense of touch—assured Harry that the tubes were still capped. Holding the weapon close to the ground, he tried each cylinder. Two of the caps had been snapped before; the other four burst with full force.

"That settles it," muttered Lane, sternly. "Draw closer, boys, and rig up some sort of a screen—a couple of blankets will do. Two of you hold them—so! the rest must keep a close watch. Those devils may be down upon us at any moment!"

Harry was not idle while giving these directions. Hastily collecting a few dry splinters, he struck a match and kindled a fire beneath the blankets held by his two comrades. His brow darkened as he examined his pistol. The traitor had not returned. Each tube of the weapon was crowded full of a stiff clay, yet so neatly done that the mischief could only be detected by a close examination. A stout pin speedily put the weapon in order, and then Harry turned his attention to the others. They, also, had been "doctored," but the remedy was equally as easy, and then the miners began to breathe freely once more. If the enemy intended an assault, they would be warmly received.

"What're you goin' to do about it?" persisted Dick Barnes, as the fire was extinguished and the little party settled down once more to their dry watch.

"What can be done? What proof have we against any person? True, he was left alone with the weapons; but when we were sinking the gold out yonder, all our weapons were left on shore, and neither he nor I went into the water. He might just as well accuse us two, as we him; or there is poor Picard. No, Dick, we have made mistakes enough. If he returns, we must watch, but say nothing. If he does not—"

A low, cautious whistle came to their ears, followed by one of the signals which had been used by them in their hunt for the person who had delivered the first message from Fiery Fred.

"Remember!" whispered Lane, warningly, as he answered the signal.

A moment later Gospel George entered the trench and silently dropped a wet, dripping object into Lane's hand. A peculiar thrill crept over the young man as he felt that it was human hair!

"You needn't be scared, boss," said Gospel George, with a faint chuckle. "Tain't no live skelp—I wish it was! I overtook the pizen critter out thar in the water, an' jest when I thought I hed him dead to rights, the thing giv' way an' he slipped me, by divin'! I hearn when he landed, an' struck at 'im, but he was too sople for me, an' got off in the dark. You hain't none o' ye seen my pistol round here? I dropped the dratted thing when it played off on me."

"Ours did the same—we found the tubes had been plugged up with clay," quietly uttered Harry.

If Gospel George was not innocent, his astonishment was a perfect bit of acting, so much so that even Grumbling Dick did not utter a word of suspicion.

"I can't see into it," muttered the old man. "Thar was my rifle—they hed jest as much chance at it as 'others; an' yit she yelped out loud enough!"

"Didn't you wash it out this even'g, just after supper?" suddenly asked Tom Weston.

"That's it! an' the water must 'a' soaked out the stuff!" exclaimed Gospel George. "I reckon I'm losin' my mind not to think o' that! But I can't help us any—how did the darn stuff git in thar, an' who put it in? That's what we want to find out!"

"Talkin' will not mend the matter," interposed Harry. "Let it drop, now. To-morrow we will look it over. I think I have a clew that will lead us to the truth."

"If you do find the dirty sneak, jest let me hev the fast lick at him, boss!" begged the old man. "Only fer him I'd 'a' made sure work o' that pizen imp!"

"You think it was Fiery Fred?"

"Yes, I don't reckon thar's many men in his gang as would think o' such a trick, even if they did know our weapons had bin fixed. S'pose wed thought o' such a thing a little arter? or if I hedn't—like a durned bull-headed fool—emptied my rifle at them rocks over yander—whar would he 'a' bin?"

The party soon relaxed into complete silence. The knowledge that at least one traitor was among them, and possibly even then plotting more mischief, was not an agreeable feeling, and not one of the number but eagerly welcomed the first light of day as it encircled the mountain peaks.

The dead miner was laid gently in the trench and covered with a blanket for the present. Jotham Gray joined them, saying that his brother had not been disturbed by the night alarm, and that the women would soon have breakfast ready.

Harry Lane drew Grumbling Dick aside and spoke to him earnestly. He was going out to search for some signs of Ned Allen, and Dick must take charge of the camp during his absence. Picard must be buried, though it would be better not to attempt any other work.

"Let me go 'long with you, rather than him."

"No; I can trust you here, but I can't him. I'd rather have him under my eye, all the time. Hist! not a word!"

Gospel George approached them, showing the revolver which he had recovered. Like the rest, it had been tampered with.

"Put it in order," quietly said Lane. "We may have use for it this morning. You will go with me to look after Allen?"

Gospel George gave a prompt assent, and no more was said on the subject until after breakfast. Lane spoke to each of the men in turn and warned them to extra caution.

In silence the two men left the valley by the pass taken by Ned Allen, nor was a word spoken until Gospel George abruptly paused beside a large boulder, pointing out two clearly-defined footprints.

"They're his'n. Hestopped here—leaned back ag'in' the rock—them bits o' fuzz came from his shirt. I reckon wed take the trail from this point, ef you're 'greeable, boss."

"You can't follow it over these rocks!" exclaimed Harry, despondently. "A horse wouldn't leave a trail!"

"It may be slow work, but I kin do it," quietly replied the old scout. "They 'a' heap o' things I don't know nothin' about, but they ain't follerin' a trail. It's the gift I'm proudest of. You show me one end of a trail, an' I'll show you 'other, ef you're willin' to trust me. Which is it?"

"Go on. There is no other chance. One

might hunt a month among these rocks without finding anything!"

"That depends on his style o' workin'." Now you watch me, an' you'll know somethin' more about the skience o' trailin' when we git through."

The scout seemed to forget all else in the interest of his work, stooping low as he glided along, reading the sign step by step, where, look keenly as he might, Harry could discover absolutely nothing.

"It's a gift, as I said afore," uttered Gospel George, with a low laugh, as he straightened himself to rest his back. "It's a gift, an' you hain't got it, while I hev—an' thar lays the hull difference. Ef a man ain't born a scout, all the practice in the world won't make him with shucks when it comes to pickin' up a blind trail. Ef I was only sure the boss was all right, I wouldn't ax no better fun than this kind o' work. But I'm woundedly afeard the boy's run into trouble. Mebbe you don't know it, but this trail, ef it keeps right on, 'll lead chuck up to the shanty o' that greaser feller. You don't reckon he had any thoughts o' her?"

He started out to look for her. That dog belonged to her, I believe," slowly replied Lane.

Gospel George made no reply, but a shade crept over his face, and from that moment on his running fire of quaint remarks ceased, nor did he speak again until, coming to where the trail grew less distinct, he handed Lane his rifle.

"You will hold that for me. I've got to do some close work here. Mind an' don't come too nigh and spyle what little chance thar is."

Harry's suspicions, which had all along been gradually lessening, as he noted the intense earnestness displayed by the traitor, were entirely set at rest by this voluntary disarming. Surely a traitor would not so carelessly place himself utterly at the mercy of the betrayed!

Slowly but surely the keen-eyed scout picked out the trail until the difficult point was passed, and within another half-hour he reached the ridge from which Ned Allen had caught his first glimpse of the stone building.

After a brief scrutiny, the march was resumed, the work now being comparatively easy. Ned, in running along to intercept Inez, had left a broad trail.

"I knowed it!" muttered Gospel George, as the huge boulder was reached. "The lad was led into a trap—look at the blood!"

"It may not have been his," faltered Lane, deeply moved.

In silent answer Gospel George pointed to a dark object lying half beneath a rock. Harry grasped it up, with a low groan. It was the hat worn by the missing miner.

"He may have been wounded—he may be a prisoner," he muttered, grasping at the faintest hope.

"It may be, but I'm dub'ous. Look!" and the scout pointed to a pile of rocks hastily thrown together. "They're a dead man kivered up thar—you kin see his clothes!"

Without a word Harry sprung forward and began tearing aside the rough stones, resolved on learning the truth, however bitter. But at that instant a crushing weight seemed to fall upon his head, and a low, haunting laugh rung in his ears; then all was blackness.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 391.)

Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

BASE-BALL NOTES AND GOSSIP.

THOUGH the League championship season has ended there will still be plenty of playing done until the regular closing day of the season, Thanksgiving Day, in November. Now is the time for the statistics of the season's play to begin to be published, and the Western papers are going into the figure business with a rush. The Chicago Tribune began it, and the Louisville Courier followed suit, both papers' tables differing in their conclusions. Both leave out the Cincinnati club's averages, which is not just. It is all very well to throw out the club's games in the championship count, but not in the making-up of the averages.

According to the Courier-Journal's figures the following players occupy the first three positions in their respective nines:

BATTING.		
PLAYERS.	CLUBS.	PER CENT OF TIMES AT BAT.
White, 1b.	Boston.	.391
O'Rourke, c.f.375
Sutton, s.s.367
Cassidy, r.f.	Hartford.	.347
Start, 1b.335
Burdock, 3b.324
Anson, 3b.	Chicago.	.323
McVey, c.323
Peters, s.s.305
Hall, l.f.	Louisville.	.304
Gerhardt, 2b.300
Crowley, c.f.297
Clapp, c.294
Reisen, c.f.	St. Louis.	.266
Force, s.s.255

FIELDING.		
PLAYERS.	CLUBS.	PER CENT OF CHANCES ACCEPTED.
Start, 1b.	Hartford.	.963
Burdock, 3b.930
York, 3b.881
Spalding, 2b.	Chicago.	.855
Barnes, 2b.840
Glenn, 1b.816
White, 1b.	Boston.	.800
Morrill, 2b.790
Leonard, 2b.788
Latham, 2b.	Louisville.	.747
Hall, 1b.736
Hall, 1b.735
Croft, 2b.	St. Louis.	.730
Force, 2b.724
Dehman, 2b.715

The following are the nines engaged for 1878 thus far:

BOSTON.		ST. LOUIS.	
Brown, catcher.		Snyder, Clapp, catcher.	
Bond, pitcher.		Devlin, pitcher.	
Morrill, 1st base.		Craft, 1st base.	
Burdock, 3d base.		McVey, 3d base.	
Sutton, 3d base.		Battin, 3d base.	
G. Wright, short-stop.		Pearce, short-stop.	
Leonard, left-field.		Hall, left-field.	
O'Rourke, center-field.		Blong, center-field.	
Manning, right-field.		Clapp, right-field.	

CINCINNATI.		HARTFORD.	
McVey, catcher.		Allison, catcher.	
Mitchell, pitcher.		Matthews, pitcher.	
Sullivan, 1st base.		Dehman, 1st base.	
Gerhardt, 2d base.		Craver, 2d base.	
Goley, 3d base.		Flagg, 3d base.	
Geen, short-stop.		Carey, short-stop.	
York, left-field.		York, left-field.	
Pike, center-field.		Hines, center-field.	
Kelley, right-field.		Hughan, right-field.	

Base-Ball has been introduced into Turkey, through the efforts of the Rev. Chas. J. Richardson, of the West Point Board of Directors. When this gentleman graduated at Hobart College he accepted the position of professor of the higher English branches in Roberts College, Constantinople, which he held for three years. He devoted the hours of recreation to the inducting of his pupils into the mysteries of the diamond field. There were soon two capital clubs formed among the students, and the game became so popular that now there are nines in all parts of the empire.

The following is the batting and fielding record of the Brooklyn-Hartford first-base league game, the percentage being first-base hits to times at bat: Cassidy, .380; Start, .327; York, .280; Carey, .259; Holdsworth, .251; Ferguson, .250; Burdock, .248; Larkin, .237; Harbridge, .224; Allison, .145. The fielding record is as follows, the percentage being chances accepted to chances offered: Start, 1st b., .963; Burdock, 2d b., .899; Ferguson, 3d b.,

.860; Holdsworth, c. f., .859; York, l. f., .853; Carey, s. s., .833; Allison, c., .812; Harbridge, c., .812; Cassidy, r. f., .766; Larkin, p., .753.

The Chicago club have as yet done nothing toward getting up a team for 1878. At a recent meeting they elected officers for the ensuing year, but nothing was done to show whether the club intended getting up a new team or not.

It was found, under the charter of the club, that some officers would have to be elected to carry on the business of the corporation until the expiration of the contracts which it had out; and accordingly Messrs. J. B. Lyon, W. H. Murray, Philip Wadsworth, W. A. Hulbert, and A. G. Spalding were chosen Directors. The Board subsequently elected W. A. Hulbert President, and A. G. Spalding Secretary. The list of Directors contains but one new name, that of Philip Wadsworth. Mr. Hulbert will probably run the machine himself next season. He had all to say in the work of 1877.

The following card from Ben Shott, of Cincinnati, shows how utterly unfit for the manager of a reliable professional team he is:

"To the Editor of the Enquirer: 'The Brown Stocking Base-Ball Club, after giving me two dates, reconsidered their action, and now I will bet them two dollars to one, as often as they dare put up, that the Ludlows can beat them on any day and any place, winning clay take stakes and give gate receipts to the Children's Home. Put up Browns or shut up, and say you fear the Ludlows.'"

"Manager Ludlow Base-Ball Club."

It was Shott who tried his best to make Sunday ball-playing legal in the Queen City and its suburbs, but he failed.

Slowly but surely the keen-eyed scout picked out the trail until the difficult point was passed, and within another half-hour he reached the ridge from which Ned Allen had caught his first glimpse of the stone building.

After a brief scrutiny, the march was resumed, the work now being comparatively easy. Ned, in running along to intercept Inez, had left a broad trail.

"I knowed it!" muttered Gospel George, as the huge boulder was reached. "The lad was led into a trap—look at the blood!"

"It may not have been his," faltered Lane, deeply moved.

In silent answer Gospel George pointed to a dark object lying half beneath a rock. Harry grasped it up, with a low groan. It was the hat worn by the missing miner.

"He may have been wounded—he may be a prisoner," he muttered, grasping at the faintest hope.

"It may be, but I'm dub'ous. Look!" and the scout pointed to a pile of rocks hastily thrown together. "They're a dead man kivered up thar—you kin see his clothes!"

Without a word Harry sprung forward and began tearing aside the rough stones, resolved on learning the truth, however bitter. But at that instant a crushing weight seemed to fall upon his head, and a low, haunting laugh rung in his ears; then all was blackness.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 391.)

Adventures in the North-west.

BY MAJOR MAX MARTINE,
Formerly of the Hudson Bay Company's Service.

PLUCK vs. LUCK.

THE writer was at one time employed as a scout by the commandant at Fort Owen; and while in the service of the Government met with one of those adventures so rare in the life of the scout and hunter, illustrating the fact that some men seem to bear a "charmed" life.

There are some whom the Indians have come to regard with a feeling of superstition—who, they imagine, are under the especial protection of the Great Spirit.

In one of my excursions about the fort, I came upon a fresh track of a grizzly bear, and as it was early in the day I resolved to have a little sport.

(Now I do not wish the reader to throw the Journal aside with the remark, "another big lie" for there are many who can testify to the truth of this "bear story," and, after all, it may not be like some other one they may have read.)

I had been in at the death of several grizzlies, but never having killed one alone, I proposed to do it or—what? I took the track and put after the bear.

The country here was very rough. Great hills lifting their snow-capped summits on every side; the scrub-oak thickets in little patches all around; the memory of which was brought to me years later, in the dark-green chaparral groves of New Mexico.

Following up the track, I found it led up a heavily-wooded hill, the top of which, visible through the tops of the sycamores, was covered with enormous piles of rock—great boulders of granite—and it was among these rocks that I expected to meet his bearship.

I started to make the tour of the hill, to see if I could discover any tracks leading down. I had made about half the circuit, and was turning the corner of a large rock, when I was confronted by the grizzly himself.

I was not more than ten feet from him, and I imagine he was as much astonished as myself; but as he rose to his hind feet, I gave him a shot in the breast.

In my haste I had not taken very accurate aim, and the ball, instead of finding his heart, glanced off inflicting a severe wound.

Of course this only enraged the bear, and I hastened to put a greater distance between us, so started on a run down the slope.

In going straight or diagonally down, I could outrun the bear, but I knew that if I started up I was a "goner," for the long hind legs of the bear gave him a great advantage over me.

But, as there is an end to everything, so there was to that hill; and I knew that unless I disabled him before we reached the level ground, my chances of escape were slim, and that the Government would be one man "out."

My gun was a breech-loading rifle, and it required but a short time to get a ball in place; and every time I stopped to fire, the bear would rise upon his feet, just in time to receive my shot in his huge carcass.

I gave him seven shots, the last fortunately piercing his brain, and ending the fight.

I had about come to the conclusion that he was bullet-proof, and had I failed with my last shot to bring him down, I had resolved to drop my gun, and go for him with my knife.

But I was saved the experiment; and, nearly exhausted, I sat down upon the bleeding carcass to rest.

I consider it within the province of every writer to give an intelligible description of the subjects upon which he writes; and that as he goes along—it has certainly been my experience that the author who does that pleases the greatest number of readers—and with that understanding of my duty, I shall endeavor to follow it.

It is not going beyond the bounds of truth to assert that the grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountains is as formidable an enemy as the hunter is called upon to meet, wherever the hunting-ground, or whatever the animal may be.

When caught out on the open prairie, where he can be attacked on horseback and lassoed, the chances are against the bear; but in a broken country, some to his assailants, unless life is saved by some trick, a lucky shot, or some unlooked-for expedient.

These bears weigh from six to fifteen hundred pounds, and their fore feet, which they can manage with the dexterity of a trained boxer, often measure fifteen inches across.

The courage, sagacity and skill invariably shown by a grizzly bear, when fighting, are not equaled by any other animal on the face of the globe, not excepting even the African lion.

Of the Indians who live mostly by hunting, nine out of ten would, single-handed and alone, put to flight a dozen of the cowardly Africans who generally hunt the lion in his native wilds; and among the braves of any tribe, he is the bravest who, alone, will attack and kill a grizzly bear.

If he succeeds, which is rarely the case, his fortune is made in the tribe for all time to come. The reputation of performing so great a deed will follow him to his grave, and will form one of the chief features in the tradition

which is handed down from father to son through all succeeding generations.

After carefully refilling the chambers of my rifle, I laid down upon the carcass of the bear to take a little rest, but my siesta was of short duration.

Hearing a noise behind me, I turned my head and saw five Indians each with an arrow fitted to his bow-string. They had undoubtedly witnessed my fight with the grizzly, and looked as if they would like to become the possessors, both of myself and the bear; and simultaneously they made a rush for me.

By a lucky shot I brought down the foremost Indian, badly wounding the one behind him, who commenced a howling that would have done credit to a first-class "mule concert."

I then turned to run, thinking they would follow me, and that I would be able to pick them off one at a time.

The three remaining red-skins let fly their arrows—every one of which passed through my clothing, but none of them drawing blood. As they fired, I turned and returned the compliment, bringing down one more.

Only two were left; and had there been any shelter near I should have had no fears. As it was, I sought refuge behind the nearest tree, which I had barely reached when two more arrows came whizzing past.

Plucky fellows, at all events, thought I; and before they could conceal themselves I got another shot at one, which, though it did not hit him, broke his right arm; so I counted him out of the play, and waited patiently for the other to make his appearance.

I could tell where he was concealed, but could not succeed in drawing his shot.

At length, getting tired of waiting, I stepped from behind the tree, giving him a fair shot at me. He took advantage of his opportunity, and his arrow brushing my ear made me think that I was, perhaps, a little rash.

I discharged my gun at the place where I had last seen him. The result was as I had anticipated; he sprang out, and, drawing his tomahawk, he rushed toward me.

He had not seen me reload my piece, and supposing it was now empty, was confident of securing my scalp.

He reckoned without his host; or was not acquainted with the breech-loading carbine. He did not stop, but came on with a yell.

It was his last one, however, for, as I pressed the trigger, he made one leap into the air, and fell with his death-song frozen between his lips.

After resting awhile I skinned the grizzly, and cutting off his claws returned to the fort.

I narrated my adventures, but there is a simple yet profound truth from Enoch Arden: "Things are greater than things heard," and the Indian part of the story they would not believe, until, accompanied by a squad of the soldiers, I next morning led them to the scene of the unequal conflict.

We found the carcass of the bear, and also the bodies of three Indians, together with the blood-covered tracks of the wounded ones.

I had not expected to come out of the fracas with the bear, with a whole skin—much less the encounter with the Indians; but it was pluck against luck, and my disregard of consequences took me through all sound.

I have not given this incident in a spirit of egotism, but merely to show how much danger a man may pass through and come out "scot free." No wonder the Indians regard with a feeling of superstition, the man who goes through such dangers without receiving his death-wound.

[NOTE.—It is a historical fact, found in the reports of the commanding officer, that Maj. Martine did kill three Indians, almost in sight of the fort.—Ed.]

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, he will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 136 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y. 400-4t.

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A DISASTROUS CAMPAIGN.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

He was a soldier of the ranks,
And loved a maid tender,
Her beauty took him all by storm,
And forced him to surrender.

At night he sung to her platoon,
And no one could sing louder;
He saw good looks and music were
Effective as gunpowder.

He was as much a prisoner
As if the foe had got him;
It was a glance of her bright eye
Which had so surely shot him.

Indeed, it thrilled his corporal frame
To see her through a wicket;
And if she had a fault on earth
He thought he could not picket.

In private he shed privaters,
And oft some sighs he vented,
Until a prisoner of war
His arms he then presented.

He very gladly signed the terms
To his captivation;
And so he took the chances of
His present situation.

But ah, although he was in war
A very Alexander,
He found that he was under a
Most terrible commander.

He'd rather face a foe in
Than dry-goods bill for dresses,
And quite a lot of monthly pay
He saw go out for-tresses.

The charges of the dry-goods men
Set both his cheeks to parching,
And very soon he saw that she
Was good at counter-marching.

She figured much at dress-parade,
Which made him very nervous;
He saw that a mistake he made
Enlisting in her service.

Her company was much too much
Because she ruled head-quarters;
And he was, as a general thing,
Most always under orders.

When he'd complain, war was declared,
And brooms and things did rattle,
Until it got an order from her
For him to offer battle.

She'd quickly bring him into line.
He wanted a division;
And at the last he did resign
His warlike commission.

The Flyaway Afloat:

OR,

YANKEE BOYS 'ROUND THE WORLD.

BY C. D. CLARK,

AUTHOR OF "YANKEE BOYS IN CEYLON,"
"CAMP AND CANOE," "ROD AND RIFLE,"
"THE SEAL-HUNTERS," ETC.

XI.

IN THE CRATER—THE MAD KANAKA'S GRAVE.
The Flyaway ran into Honolulu at last.
Here they found a spacious harbor containing
a large number of ships of various kinds, es-
pecially whalers. They had come here to see
the great volcano which is now known all the
world over, Kilauaea. In the schooner they ran
over to Kau, and there she lay at anchor, while
the entire party and crew, except the two men
left in charge of the schooner, disembarked,
and hiring horses, began their march for the great
volcano. For two days, by easy stages, they
kept on their way, and at last reached the great
plateau, four thousand feet above the level of
the sea. Vesuvius is dwarfed into insignificance
before the mighty crater of Kilauaea. Vesuvius
rises to a height of thirty-five hundred feet; but
a crater a thousand feet in circumference; with
the man who makes the descent of the crater of
Kilauaea must march ten miles. They waited
for the night at the small house, known as the
Volcano House, upon the verge of the crater;
for Kilauaea can only be seen in her glory under
the shadow of night. As the darkness came, a
clear bright column was seen rising from the
burning crater, a column which swayed to and
fro and changed to varied lights, from bright
crimson to pale rose. As they stepped out upon
the platform and looked down, they saw the
vast amphitheater lighted up from the crater by
confluence by the fiery glow. In various parts,
where the power of the hidden flame had broken
the crust, the lava was boiling up furiously
through the orifice, in many cases more than a
hundred feet in diameter. From these holes the
molten lava ran out in various directions, ac-
companied wherever it ran by a whitish glare.

In their varied wanderings the Yankee boys
had seen many sights, but none to compare with
this. Rona stood speechless and awe-struck, for
this sight was wonderful to her.

"It is awful," said Richard Wade. "I can
imagine the day when this great crater awoke
in all its fury, and poured a fiery flood upon the
peaceful villagers below. What is Vesuvius to
this?"

"A mere plaything," answered Sawyer.
"But look here, you ain't seen anything yet, I
allow."

"Shall Rona go?" asked Will.
"I don't know," replied Sawyer. "That's
danger in the air, and I think too high of
her to take any risk. But then, the 'North
Lake' is a sight worth seeing, and I'm tempted
to let her go."

"I must go, my husband," she pleaded. "Let
me not remain behind."

He produced a pair of shoes which he had
prepared for her, with thick cork soles, covered
by a coating of asbestos. These she put on, and
he wrapped about her a thick pilot coat, as a
protection from the sparks, and ordered the
guide forward.

The Kanaka who acted as guide upon this oc-
casion was a strange creature. Some said he
was half crazed, but at the same time there
was no man alive better fitted than he to guide
them into the depths of the crater—a man of
giant frame, who yet bore a kindly face, and
for the religion of his fathers, and had never for-
given the missionaries for entering these fair
islands and overthrowing the ancient faith.

His face was completely hidden under beauti-
fully-executed tattooing, and as they looked at
his brazen frame and saw the play of his pow-
erful muscles, they were sensible that he would
be a hard man to meet in the close tug of a des-
perate conflict.

They passed on over the shaking floor of the
crater, following the steps of the guide. A
sailor who strayed away to one side broke
through the crust. He was quickly dragged out
by his comrades, who then realized how thin
was the floor which held them up.

"Looker here, my lads," cried Sawyer, an-
grily. "The next one who strays out of the
line I'll trice up and flog! You hear me, my
sons."

There was no more straying after that. The
Kanaka marched on, feeling the way with his
naked feet. The path was now smooth,
and when his feet struck the needles of lava he
could tell that he was out of the path. In this
way they proceeded in silence, until at last they
stepped out upon a broad, solid shelf, and looked
down upon the sea of fire.

It was wonderful. Below them lay a lake,
the extent of which they could not see, and which
was one great heaving mass of glowing and
molten lava. All stood hushed in silence as
they gazed upon the scene, the like of which
they could never hope to see in any other land.
At times they heard a rumbling sound under
the liquid mass, followed by an explosion, and a
column of fire leap into the air, branching out
like the limbs of a great winter tree as it fell.

At another place, where some terrible sub-
terranean force was at work, the lava rose in the
shape of a beautiful fountain, which rained a
ceaseless spray of fire upon the surface of that
infernal sea.

Scattered about, at various points, rose low
cones of lava, literally spouting fire. Every
voice was hushed at the grandeur of the scene.
A look of fierce joy passed over the face of the
Kanaka as he stepped to the front and looked
down upon the boiling sea.

"Look, look!" he cried. "This is the god I
worship. Where will you find one more mighty
than he?"

"Come back!" cried Richard Wade. "The
lava might break off."

The Kanaka looked at him with a strange in-
tensity.

"Stranger," he spoke, solemnly, "when my
god claims his soul he is ready to go. Ha!"
and as he spoke the part upon which he stood
sank swiftly downward, and there remained
stationary, leaving between him and the horri-
fied party a gaping chasm forty feet wide, and
extending downward to an unknown depth.

A wild, exultant cry broke from the lips of
the mad Kanaka, who stood with folded arms
upon the highest point of the narrow place upon
which his feet were set, appearing to exult as by
slow and almost imperceptible degrees the lava
rock sunk downward.

"A rope, for God's sake!" cried Richard
Wade. "The man is doomed if we do not save
him."

The lava rock was slowly sinking beneath the
level of the platform upon which they stood,
and as a sailor ran forward with a coil of rope
upon his arm and flung one end down to the
doomed man below.

"Grab it, old fellow!" he shouted, "and make
it fast to the point of the rock. You can shin
up the rope."

But the Kanaka, with a repetition of his fierce
laugh, caught the end of the rope and flung it
into the chasm.

"No, no, no," he answered. "I am not to be
saved; the god has called and I am ready."

"Haul it back and make a lasso," cried Saw-
yer. "Make haste now!"

This was quickly done, and one of the men
who was well used to the work cast it quickly
downward. The skillfully-aimed rope fell over
the head of the Kanaka and was drawn taut.

A horrible yell burst from the throat of the
Kanaka, and his knife flashed out. Even as he
was raised a foot or two from the rock the rope
was severed, and the man dropped upon the
lava-bed again.

"I will not be saved!" he cried, his wild laugh
pealing out across the white sea below him.

"My god calls me, and I must go."

As the last hope was over, the sailors drew
back in silent horror. The rock now began to
descend more rapidly, and still the wild laugh
of the man rang out. Suddenly he bounded to
the edge of the rock, shook his clenched hand
at the party above him, and plunged head fore-
most into the boiling sea, scorched and shriveled
out of the semblance of humanity almost before
his body touched the lava waves. Rona, cover-
ing her face, sunk almost senseless upon the
bosom of her husband, and a shuddering groan
passed through the ranks of the sailors.

The grand sight had no longer any charms for
them, as they remembered the horrible grave of
the Kanaka. They drew slowly away and re-
commenced their perilous march without a
guide. It was a time of danger, and many
times they paused utterly bewildered, warned
by the crunching of the needle-points.

Old Jack had been a hunter, scout and guide
all his life, and so he had been "through the
flint mill," and had treasured up in memory
the recollection of many a wild and daring
adventure. And then, he loved to sit even-
ings and smoke and listen to the tales of
the old men, for he possessed a peculiar
vein of whimsical humor, and threw a droll
pathos and fascinating horror into his style of
narrative that made him quite enjoyable.

The howl of a wolf near camp one evening
soon after we had eaten our supper and had
taken our places before the fire to talk and
smoke away the hours until bedtime, caused
one of the party to make some remark about
the animal, when Old Jack removed his pipe
from his mouth, and said:

"I never hear a wolf but what it brings up
a strange, startling event in my mind, and
causes me to shudder like a young earthquake.
This war some fifteen years ago, I think. I
was down in the western part of Nebraska,
where they were paying 'a bounty' on big
wolves, which made wolf-huntin' a
purty fair business for some of them. Of
course they'd pay nothin' on skulls taken
in that county, and when a man presented
his skulls he had to swear that they were
taken in that county. That was cer-
tainly a pair of suspicious-lookin' fellers that made
their appearance at the auditor's office so regu-
larly with piles of skulls, that s'picion finally
ris as to their doin' a legitimate business—
confinin' their operations strictly to that end.
That war some of the authorities b'lieved that
these men were wolf-herders—that is, made a
business of breedin' wolves for the bounty on
their skulls; and the more the matter was
thought over the stronger the folks become in
their convictions. Of course, if they were wolf-
herders their dens war hid away off in the deep
recesses of the distant mountains whar they
might never be found.

"However, the sheriff, Dick Hall, and his
deputy and two others conspired to make a
grand hunt for the supposed retreat of the wolf-
herders; and they employed me to act as guide,
and away we plunged—over the prairie and
into the deep recesses of the mountains. Of
course the three first days out we done little but
talk and plan, drink and smoke; but on the
fourth day we begun to think 'bout wolves and
wolf-herders, and Injuns, also; for durin' the
day we were fired upon by some one in ambush,
and I war wounded in the shoulder. It war
only a slight flesh wound; and yet I b'lieve like
a stuck pig, and suffered from loss of blood.
But the boys bound up my shoulder the best
they could, and give me brandy as a substitute
for blood; and you may bet it required consid-
erable—cut off the sheriff and his men's rations
like-curve! I was in a bad way."

"That night we went into bivouac under some
low scrubby pines earlier than usual, on account
of my condition. We lighted a fire, eat our
supper, took a smoke, stationed a guard and turned
in for the night. I war excused from duty that
night, owing to my hurt and a slight fever, and
so I laid down nigh the fire and fell asleep.
I hadn't laid that long when the crack of rifles
and some horrible yells startled me; and the next
moment a dozen fierce-lookin' men charged in
upon us, and beat us down. The next minute
we war bound hand and foot."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the demon that ap-
peared to be the leader of the gang; 'this is the
luckiest haul we've made, boys. You gents,
have become the hunted and we the hunters,
and I don't think you'll go huntin' wolf-herders
agin'."

"This told us that we war in the power of
the wolf-herders themselves; and I shuddered
with fear. The sheriff said somethin' back in a

defiant manner, when the leader ag'in shot out
his terrible threats:

"Well see that you don't bother us ag'in;
you fellers 'll make jist as good wolf feed as
deer or buffalo, seen' as yer in mighty good
flesh; so yer might as well sayin' yer pray-
ers, for in less 'an a hour you'll be in the gutlets
of a hundred hungry wolves."

"Heavens, boys!" and old Jack appeared to
shudder at the recollections of that awful night;
"you may bet the blood and brandy in my
veins rolled along heavily and coldly. I tried
to expostulate and explain to the demons of the
wolves, but I'll swear my tongue was froze—
refused to obey the will-power of my mind. It
seemed, howsoever, that they divined my
very thoughts and war all the more barbarous
and inhuman. They put us on some old racks
or ponies, and carried us away through dark
gorges and deep gorges, and finally drew up in a
dismal, horrible place. The snappin' and snarl-
in' and yelpin' of wolves told us that we had ar-
riv' at the pens of the wolf-herders. Arter war
taken out of our ponies, we received the cheer-
in' information that we war to be at once fed to
the wolves."

"Great mercy!" exclaimed our nervous
friend, Leffler.

"Yes, and we war actin' carried alive, and
bound hand and foot, to a high stone fence and
thrown over into the pen whar a hundred grim,
gaunt wolves war waitin' for us. The animals
rolled to'rds us like a great wave. Still my
tongue was stiff with horror and my limbs par-
alyzed. Several wolves came to the fence and
around me, and then sprang off to the other
boys. I reckon they concluded I had too much
whisky in my system for their appetites; but
they pitched into the sheriff and his men and
began to devour 'em, soul and body."

"I see it now! I see it now! My d'ryin' day will
I cease to hear the cries of them poor wretches as
the beasts eat and tore their lives away, piece
by piece. The sheriff lay close to me. He war
a powerful big man—a perfect type of manhood.
I could see him plainly, for the moon was shinin'
around me, and the animals tearin' off strips of
hot, quivering flesh from limb and body. I
could see the tendons and nerves layin' bare,
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